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STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXX. No. 758. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1945 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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"IF NECESSARY ALONE"

"At least we know where we are." That, after the first shock of surprise, is the reaction of the people of this country to what has been called, not unreasonably, our economic Dunkirk. The British people is always at its best when it has to extemporise in a sudden emergency. The Labour Government can be certain of support as unanimous and as self-sacrificing as that given in 1940—provided that its policy is boldly conceived and clearly explained.

President Truman's decision has given us the opportunity for a decisive break with the Churchillian method of maintaining Anglo-American friendship by postponing awkward decisions. It is unfair both to ourselves and to the Americans to ask for American dollars or American supplies as post-war payment for our achievements in the defence of democracy; and we regret that Mr. Attlee last Friday seemed inclined to use this argument. It is the future which matters, not the past. America is looking after its future: we must look after our own, and rely less on sentiment than on common interests to cement our friendships.

One common interest at least stands out. The House of Commons elected in July is as opposed as the American Congress to a British acceptance of commitments which cannot be honoured. If we are poor, let us be proud enough not to sponge on our more fortunate cousins for loans—and then bleat when we find they are not gratuities. On this point, we agree with Colonel McCormick. We heartily dislike those Englishmen who conceive of Anglo-American unity in terms of American generosity to an impoverished British capitalism. They do no service to this country or to our relations with America.

In saying this, we are aware of the short-term privations which a policy of financial independence will bring. If for a time we cannot afford American tobacco, we may have to cut down our smoking and get used to Macedonian cigarettes. Our relations with Greece will be thereby greatly improved. If we cannot spare the dollars for American films, this winter, we may have to improve the quality of our own and learn to appreciate the products of France and Russia. Hollywood and Mr. Rank may protest louder than the British public. If we cannot afford American dehydrated eggs, we may be forced to use some of the extra shipping space available to import the meal which will restore the fresh British egg to the breakfast table. Poverty may even bring its benefits.

There has, indeed, been a tendency to exaggerate the dimensions of the immediate problem. Mr. Attlee spoke of an unbridged gap of £1,200 millions in our external balance of payments; but much of this gap is represented by imports of munitions not covered by Lend-Lease. Excluding munitions, which we no longer need, our imports from the United States amounted last year to about £530 millions. In this total much the largest items were oil, mainly for Service requirements, £190 millions; meat and dairy produce, £84 millions; machinery and electrical goods, £59 millions; iron and steel, £27 millions; and tobacco, £25 millions. Together, these five categories accounted for nearly £400 millions, or almost ten times the amount we spent on them in normal pre-war trade.

Obviously, we cannot completely revert overnight to our old sources of supply: our European larder is largely devastated; and, until we can export goods in return, there are limits to the extent to which we can fairly ask the Empire and South America to go on provisioning us on credit. Nevertheless, with shipping no longer a bottleneck, our imports can be "switched" without much delay and on a considerable scale. As sources for oil supplies we have, within the sterling area, Persia, Iraq and Trinidad; some augmentation of meat and dairy-food imports can certainly be arranged from Canada, the Argentine, Australia, New Zealand, Eire and possibly even from Denmark; and, as for American steel, machinery and tobacco, we can temporarily forgo much of our purchasing without economic disaster. In the case of timber for housing we should be able to transfer most of our buying to Canada, Russia and Scandinavia.

Even so, no matter how strictly we practise austerity in unessential imports, and turn rapidly to alternative sources of supply, we must find dollars in the next twelve months to purchase some American food and tobacco, our normal intake of raw cotton, and some machinery for industrial re-equipment, as well as relief supplies for Europe. On these items our minimum essential expenditure is bound to exceed substantially the £20 millions' worth of dollars accruing from our current exports to the U.S.A. Fortunately, however, we can draw to some extent on the dollar balances—probably about the equivalent of £450 millions—which we hold. This sum, modest enough when compared with our £3,500 millions of short-term war indebtedness to the Empire and other sterling area countries, represents, of course, our only means at present of providing these creditors with dollars wherewith to buy American goods. Still, relying as we can do on the common interests of sterling area associates we can forgo immediate U.S. loans without impossible difficulties or privations.

With one proviso. We shall, for about a year, be as short of raw materials as we were in 1940. We shall have to plan and husband our resources with infinite care. Wartime controls must be maintained, not only over production and consumption, but over exports and imports. For President Truman has destroyed the last vestige of the Conservative case for a reversion to our pre-war economy. To maintain financial independence in our relations with the U.S.A. we must become—far more quickly than we anticipated in July—a Socialist State. Mr. Churchill conjured up the bogy of Professor Laski as an election stunt; Mr. Truman, by his sudden stoppage of Lend-Lease, has provided the complete justification for the bold Socialist policy which Professor Laski advocated.

The Labour Government, indeed, faced early in its career with the economic Dunkirk, has the opportunity of which every Socialist administration has dreamed. It is presented with a crisis which cannot be mastered by Capitalist methods of finance. Every national interest demands a downright Socialist policy. Properly presented to the nation, such a policy will receive the support not only of the Labour Movement, but of every patriotic employer as well—and of every American who demands that Britain in the post-war world shall pay her way.

The Chinese-Soviet Treaty

The terms of the Russian-Soviet treaty are, as we forecast last week, favourable to the Chungking Government, which maintains joint control with Russia over the Manchurian railways and in Port Arthur, which is to be a Soviet naval base, and Dairen, which is to be a free port. Russia promises speedy withdrawal of her troops from Manchuria and undertakes not to aid any other Chinese administration than that of Chiang Kai-shek. This treaty is to last for thirty years. Outer Mongolia, which has been a separate republic since 1922, is to decide its own future by plebiscite. Nothing is said about the position of the Communist Government in Yenan, which has never been aided by the U.S.S.R. and which is now left to make the best terms it can with Chiang Kai-shek. Mao Tse-tung has therefore changed his mind and gone to Chungking. He has considerable bargaining power since the Communist armies occupy important positions and are large, even though poorly armed. If Chiang Kai-shek displays a Chinese capacity for compromise, the threat of civil war and its possible dangerous world complications is now at an end. Presumably he will broaden his Government, offering seats to the Communists, while ending Communist autonomy in the North and demanding that the Yenan armies and partisans are disbanded or incorporated in the regular Chungking forces. Unless these measures are accompanied by a drastic overhaul of the Kuomingtang administration, China will be the loser by the disruption of an administration which has set up a new record in Chinese history for honesty and reformist efficiency. But the main result of the treaty is to bring into far closer partnership the Governments of Moscow and Chungking. Chiang Kai-shek will be in a stronger position to resist the demands of American big business. But the United States seems already to have insisted on occupying southern Korea. About the northern half of Korea, nothing has yet been said; the only Allied statement on the subject was the guarded promise of Korean independence in the Cairo declaration of 1943.

Next Moves in India

The Viceroy's visit to London for consultation on future policy has revived the hopes of India. She now has in Lord Wavell and Lord Pethick-Lawrence the most sympathetic combination of Viceroy and Secretary of State that she has had in this century. The expected first moves towards a better atmosphere have been promptly made. The ban against Congress activities has been lifted everywhere, and elections are to be held in the cold weather for the provincial councils and the Central Legislature. They should not be unduly hurried, since Congress is handicapped by a long period of suppression. The elections should make it clear whether there really is in the Muslim provinces a majority for separation. The Simla Conference failed because of the intransigence of Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League. When next an attempt is made to focus Indian opinion, it may be feasible to do it not through the leading parties as such, but through the premiers of the newly elected provincial councils. They might, if called together, be able to agree in recommending a panel from which a truly representative National Government might be formed. By some such procedure Mr. Jinnah's veto might be circumvented.

Bulgaria Climbs Down

Under British and American pressure, the Bulgarian Government has postponed the elections due for last Sunday. We do not yet know whether any changes will be made in the electoral lists, to be submitted whenever the elections are resumed, or whether American charges about Communist infiltration of other parties will much strengthen the hands of their former leaders who have protested at their exclusion. Some of them, to put it bluntly, are themselves very dubious characters and may have had good reason to seek refuge in Allied legations. A full account of their activities in recent years might be revealing. The Allies would do well to check carefully the background both of the complaints and their authors. Meanwhile in Rumania, the first result of the Anglo-American protest has been the arrest of the leaders of an alleged "Fascist Coup." No one can ascertain the true facts. It is highly probable that Opposition circles have been conspiring, since this is the only method of opposition available. But this does not prove that they are either Fascists, as the Russians suggest, or heroic democrats, as the Americans will tend to believe. We repeat what we said last week: an outside Power cannot create the prerequisites of free elections in either Bulgaria or Rumania, and it is hypocrisy to pretend it can.

Hope for Spain

The Spanish Republicans in the New World have formed in Mexico City a government-in-exile which has a better right to speak for its people than many of the Allied governments which found a refuge in London during the war. The provisions of the Constitution were duly observed. A sufficient number of Members of the last elected Cortes were assembled to form a quorum. The deceased President, Dr. Azana, was replaced, as the law provided, by the Speaker, Senor Barrio. He then called on Senor Giral, a Liberal ex-premier, to form a Government. His coalition Ministry is moderate in tinge. It includes no Communist, and among its members is the leader of the Socialist Right Wing, Senor Prieto, but not Dr. Negrin. It evidently reflects the strong reaction against Communist influence which has prevailed among the exiles and (it is said) also in underground Spain, since the last phases of the Civil War. Dr. Negrin, who has won the respect of all who knew him in exile, has suffered because he necessarily worked with Communists and the U.S.S.R. during the Civil War. The problem now is to rally all Spanish democrats and to give the country a prospect that freedom can be regained without a renewal of civil war and without reprisals. Some Latin-American States may follow Mexico and recognise the new Government: what would be decisive for its prospects would be some sign of favour from Downing Street and from Washington. If it could reckon on their diplomatic and economic support it is probable that some of the less reactionary generals would rally to it. Franco, meanwhile, is obviously aware of the insecurity of his tenure of power, for he continues to make pseudo-democratic gestures and has renewed his negotiations with the Pretender, Don Juan.

Demobilisation and Man-power

Mr. Isaacs' statement on demobilisation may satisfy the war-worker, but it has infuriated the Serviceman. On the civilian side the stand-down will be rapid and large; during September and October no fewer than 1,150,000 workers will be released from war production. Not all, of course, will remain in the labour market; a large proportion of over-age workers, married women and others who took on jobs "for the Emergency" will disappear from the industrial scene. Even so, "frictional" unemployment may occur locally on a considerable scale unless the process of industrial reconversion, with all that it implies in terms of re-tooling, raw material supplies and provision of skilled technicians, is speeded up; and there is danger lest our productive economy be distorted if workers are recruited by unessential trades while key industries are starved of labour. "Direction" may have to be prolonged—at any rate in modified form—for some time. Mr. Isaacs, who has a difficult and complex task, has to decide how far it is wise to expedite military demobilisation at the possible cost of swelling the ranks of redundant labour. Yet we cannot afford to keep men unproductively employed in the Services a day longer than necessary. As matters stand, demobilisation of Servicemen at home is likely to be followed up by adherence to the principle of parity of release as between age-groups at home and abroad. Unless repatriation of men from the Far East can be accelerated—and that should be a priority target for the Service Ministries—it may become necessary to consider whether the promised parity can economically be retained. Men overseas retained in the Services through lack of transport for a few weeks or months after general demobilisation of their age-groups might be compensated by granting them leave with pay until employment had been offered them.

The Price of Houses

That owners of houses available for sale "with possession" have grossly exploited scarcity conditions is borne out amply by the Report of the Morris Committee. Apart from the monstrous, but probably exceptional instances adduced of houses sold at five and six times their pre-war figure, the conclusion is reached that, even before the end of the European war, the average increase since 1939 in the selling price of vacant houses amounted in England and Wales to 83 per cent.—a figure contrasting significantly with a rise of only 30 per cent. in the case of houses sold without vacant possession. The ultimate remedy for this specialised price inflation is obviously an increase in the supply of houses. As an interim step, however, the Committee suggests that for the next five years no house should be permitted to change hands for more than 50 per cent. in excess of its 1939 value, as assessed by the district valuer. Vendor and purchaser should both be required to sign declarations (subject to penalties for falsehood) that no "behind the scenes" payments had been made. This plan, which would not be retrospective, is fair enough; but, as the Committee is painfully aware, it bristles with difficulties. Could illegal "considerations" really be stopped when a vendor would, in most cases, have a choice of several would-be purchasers at the permitted price? Moreover, we fear that an enormous increase would be required in the staff of the Valuation Office, considering that 200,000 houses change hands yearly. Finally, unless the ceiling for rent-control were raised, the scheme would do nothing to prevent many landlords letting houses at extortionate rents in preference to selling them at the controlled price.

The Only Question

Bishops are trying to fit God and the atomic bomb into the same cosmology; Bernard Shaw foresees the time when we shall turn our earth into an incandescent ball; common people shrug their shoulders helplessly and line up for cigarettes; Mr. Truman, knowing that Russia and other countries will also have atomic bombs before long, tells us that the "secret" is to remain American; Mr. Attlee announces an expert committee. The Germans were near production of the bombs and planned (if the layman may put two and two together) to use them as the war-head of rockets and dispatch them to America and elsewhere from certain strange installations that worried the R.A.F. on the north coast of France. The Russians must by now be not far away from mastery of the new technique, and the Belgians with a fine supply of Uranium in the Congo wonder whether they are about to become one of the great military Powers—which is the last thing most of them desire. A few people are ready to discuss the one important thing about which everyone agrees in theory—World Government and control of atomic products. Non-suicidal citizens had better make a loud, but purposeful, noise without more delay. Odd that the only public meeting on the subject I have yet seen announced is called for 7.0 p.m. at the Central Hall on Friday, August 31, by the National Peace Council! It is to be addressed by John Boyd Orr, M.P., Dame Sybil Thorndyke, Dr. Berry, Henry Carter and C. E. M. Joad.

PARLIAMENT: Procedure and Opposition

In Friday's debate on the Select Committee on Procedure, Mr. Churchill protested against the transformation of the House into a "legislative sausage machine", and pleaded that its main function should be to act as a forum for discussion of great issues. He could hardly have said this if he had sat through Wednesday and Thursday. The debate on the United Nations Charter was a perfect example of general discussion of a great issue—and nothing could have been drearier. For most of the time the only Members present were those waiting to speak. The trouble was that there was nothing to debate. Mr. Attlee began by making it clear that the Government was not ready to make any statement on the one issue which mattered—international control of the atomic bomb. The debate degenerated into a series of set pieces. Mr. Zilliacus, Benn Levy and Captain Blackburn, all tried vigorously to raise the vital issues. But Mr. Bevin refused to be drawn, and was applauded by the Conservatives for the statesmanlike quality of his generalities and his abrupt dismissal of his own supporters. This happened once again at Question time, when he brushed off Mr. Seymour Cocks for worrying him about Greece.

Friday was much better. The House of Commons is always at its best and best-informed when discussing itself. It had been rumoured that Mr. Churchill would force a division. But Mr. Morrison blandly revealed that the Government's proposals were largely based on a Cabinet paper prepared during the Coalition period, whereupon Mr. Churchill changed his mind. The Debate was first-rate. Sir Alan Herbert and Hugh Molson were usefully critical. Earl Winterton with the greatest charm hinted at some measure of obstructiveness on the Committee. Sir William Darling, in a maiden speech, did his best to make up for the absence of the leading Tory buffoons of the last Parliament. He got what he deserved from another maiden speaker, Mr. Jones of Bolton. Finally, there was an excellent bout between Quintin Hogg and Herbert Morrison. Mr. Hogg is one of the very few debaters on the Opposition Front bench, but he overdoes the very sound principle that a speaker should enjoy himself. He should not giggle at his own jokes before the House has time to laugh. Herbert Morrison did not trouble to knock him out, since, after all, this was still an exhibition match.

And so we adjourned until October 9th, with one or two very clear impressions in our minds. Certain Members of the Government seem to be out of touch with their own party and their supporters in the country. There were times when the two Front benches were chatting cosily and inaudibly to each other as though they were still a Coalition Government. The Labour Back benches felt left out: the Tories purred. And with good reason. For the Opposition, as at present constituted, is hardly capable of doing its job. Apart from Mr. Churchill, most of the Front bench is very weak. Mr. Hudson, Mr. Lyttelton, and Mr. Eden, for instance, are finding that it is a good deal easier to be a successful Minister than a successful Opposition leader. As for the Tory Back benchers, they can hardly muster a score of competent speakers, in marked contrast to the lively group of Independents, among whom one must include Mr. Boothby.

On the other hand the Government is almost embarrassed by the profusion of competence, expertise and talent. These new Labour Members are impatient of any signs of Coalition-mindedness at the Dispatch Box. They came here to support a Socialist Government; they know they have not got one yet, and they are sensible enough not to kick up a row. But in the end they are bound to prevail. One last impression. The old type of "working-class" M.P. may soon disappear. Secondary education and war service have combined to produce the remarkable result that one could not tell, from listening to 45 Labour maiden speakers, who was of working- and who of middle-class origin. Even more important, the question seemed irrelevant. They were all Socialists—and they were all experts on some facet of home or world politics. In a sense this is the first Parliament of technicians—and that may be the most revolutionary thing about it. PHINEAS

WHAT GOVERNMENT IN JAPAN?

The Act of Surrender is the end of an epoch of Japanese history. The bid for mastery of the Far East has been broken, Japan forced to accept the piecemeal capitulation of her armies, and to withdraw into her four over-populated islands. So far so good. But what government are the Allies now planning for Japan? There is not among the Allies any adequate personnel for the immense task of administering Japan.

Obviously, the occupying armies will have, from the outset, to rely on the use of Japanese officials and institutions. The existing machinery of government will have to be taken over and adapted to the demands of whatever Control Commission the Allies see fit to establish. And, naturally, that path is beset with pitfalls. Will Allied incapacity to supervise Japanese life in detail lead to a repetition of the mistakes made in Weimar Germany? Will prejudice, ignorance or conflicts of policy among the major Allies produce a situation where the militarists, exercising their authority underground, maintain the myth of civilian collapse, and quietly prepare long-term plans for another war? These dangers can only be avoided if the Allies make a serious attempt to understand the social development of modern Japan and the underlying struggle for power between a number of competing groups.

The Japanese Revolution of 1868 has never been completed. For the last seventy years, four major groups have been struggling with each other for control over the economic and political life of Japan. Assassination, intrigue, the use of economic power, religious and dynastic propaganda, have all been employed as instruments in this struggle between the Imperial Household Ministry, the Army, the Cabinet and bureaucracy, and, lastly, big business.

Nominally, the Emperor is the source of authority, and each of the main groups has sought to exploit his prestige in support of its sectional aims. The Imperial Household Ministry, which consists of permanent appointed advisers to the Emperor and acts as a link between him and the Cabinet, has always been most influential in times of national crisis. Its members have the preservation of the prerogatives of the Imperial Dynasty as their main concern, and, in the present negotiations, were doubtless the authors of the inquiry whether the Potsdam ultimatum endangered those prerogatives. Admiral Suzuki, who was Prime Minister from April of this year until the capitulation, was at one time a member of the Imperial Household Ministry in his capacity as Grand Chamberlain—a position from which he resigned after he was wounded by young Army officers in 1936.

The violent interference of the Army in Japanese politics is not checked or balanced by any provision of the Japanese Constitution or by political practice and convention. The increased ascendancy of the Army groups dates from the period of the Manchurian invasion of 1931. In 1931, they killed the Prime Minister, Hamaguchi, because he signed the London Naval Treaty; in 1932, they murdered Prime Minister Inukai—thus putting an end to party government. In 1936, in their biggest coup, three members of the Imperial Household Ministry were killed or wounded. It was also the Army which made Tojo—up till then, a relatively obscure figure—Prime Minister in November, 1941. Most of the Army officers are drawn from the ranks of peasant farmers. Their philosophy is based on vague ideas of social reform and a hatred of big business. They have the constitutional right of direct access to the Emperor.

The Japanese Cabinet has little resemblance to the same body in a European democracy. Though supported by the local bureaucracy and national civil service, which provide most of the Cabinet (for professional politicians are few in Japan), the Premier has never been powerful, except perhaps during the years just before the war. He acted chiefly as chief executive officer for the Imperial Household Ministry and informed the Japanese Diet of its requirements. His office grew in importance in recent years when Konoye—just appointed Vice-Premier—proved to be an adept at playing the Army, the Imperial Household Ministry and big business off against each other. During the war, the job of the Prime Minister and his Cabinet has been to satisfy the economic and man-power demands of the Army. Until Suzuki took office last April, final decisions on strategy and policy always rested with the Army. Suzuki's appointment brought a change. On April 16th, a revealing Japanese broadcast announced that "in consideration of the current war situation, the Prime Minister will hereafter be given a seat in the Imperial Headquarters so that he may form an idea of the war situation."

Relations between the Army and big business have been strained throughout the war. The controlling groups in the big monopolies have always feared that the Army would overplay its hand and land them in disaster. They would have preferred a more subtle expansion. Their programme for the control of East Asia would have been economic imperialism, aided by rationalisation of industrial plant, lower wages, a deflated currency and subsidised exports. For them, a war against Britain and the United States before the Chinese "incident" was liquidated, was a folly which has only intensified their dislike of the Army leaders. All the same, they did well out of the war while Japan conquered.

The manœuvring of these groups has taken place with little reference to the Japanese people, who scarcely understand their constitutional institutions. The revolution of 1868, the constitutional reforms of 1889, and the award of adult manhood suffrage in 1925 were all granted from above. Democratic forms were merely external imitations of institutions which, in the West, men valued because they struggled for them. Similarly, when Fascism began to look powerful in Europe, the rulers of Japan copied the forms of the Fascist States. By 1932, party government had ceased to exist in Japan; by 1940, the parties themselves were wound up; and in January, 1941, Konoye's Government tried to restrict the vote to the male heads of families and to ex-servicemen. This, however, ended in failure; the opposition came from those who regarded any alteration of the Constitution as sacrilege, since the document was held to partake of the Emperor's sacred character and so could be amended only on his initiative.

Belief in the divinity of the Emperor is, however, by no means universal in Japan. Apart from the big industrialists and the high Army leaders, who regard the myth as a convenient propaganda line, most of those educated at Japanese universities in the period of relative freedom developed Liberal or Communist tendencies and were agnostic about the Emperor. Industrialisation had the effect of also undermining the divinity myth among the workers. With the peasants, however, whose main concern is with their poverty, faith in the Emperor's sacred character is still strong.

It is barely ninety years since the grandfather of the present Emperor was rescued from obscurity by the revolting groups that used him as a national symbol to overthrow the Tokugawa clan—the *de facto* rulers of Japan since 1600. The Imperial dynasty had been living almost forgotten in penury for two hundred and fifty years. It was at this time that the traditional Shinto doctrine was revived and Buddhism disestablished, as part of the revolutionary tactics designed to break the power of the Tokugawa clan and make the Emperor the central figure in Japanese life. Clearly the doctrine of State Shinto must be discouraged by the Allies. They have, for instance, to decide the future of the Imperial dynasty. To find

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a substitute for monarchy in some form may not prove immediately possible. Even Susumo Okano, the Communist leader at present in Yenan, does not say more than that "the future of the throne must be decided by the people themselves. The militarists are using the Emperor's name to bolster up their own position." What the Allies can certainly do is to see that the blame for the war, the capitulation and its consequences fall upon the Emperor and his military advisers. Constitutionally, a useful change would be to see that the power of the future political head of the Japanese state is derived not from his Sun-born ancestors, but from the people.

Democratic government is not easy to foster in Japan. There is no political tradition of democracy and there are few voluntary associations in which Japanese citizens can have learnt even the rudiments of self-government or democratic procedure. As in Germany, it seems probable that a start may best be made with the development of local self-government. Local councils and their mayors are already locally elected and are fairly closely related to the everyday life of their people. But in Japan, as in Germany, the chances for democracy depend, in the long run, even more on the rival pressures of the victorious States than on changes of internal structure.

The U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., China and (in a less degree) the British Commonwealth will all influence Japan. Some believe the Manchurian Army will return home "infested with Communism," as it did in the years after the Wars of Intervention against the Soviet Union. The presence, on the other hand, of United States Forces of Occupation will encourage Japanese business interests which desire to orientate themselves towards America. In the early 1930's, Hollywood films exercised considerable influence on the industrialised worker. The same may be true again, but it is difficult to believe that the imitation of American customs and methods will be more than superficial. Not the least likely long-term development is a *rapprochement* with China. For centuries China filled the Japanese horizon and influenced her culture. It may do so again. The tension and strains which have been continuously visible in Japanese political and social life have been due in large part to the failure to reconcile her rapid westernisation with the traditional modes of thought. In the future conflict between Powers and cultures for influence in Japan, it may well prove that China, herself struggling to reconcile her ancient culture with the development of modern industry, will once again be the nation from which Japan derives most.

WAGES

On most of the urgent questions of to-day the Labour Party has entered upon office with a clear-cut programme, announced in advance and providing a reasonable basis for action. But there is one great immediate issue of which this cannot be said. The Labour Party, as far as the public is aware, has no wage policy beyond a determination to prevent an inflationary rise in prices from undermining real wages and a will to do the best it can to improve working-class standards of living. The Party, however, now that it is in power, will have to develop a wage policy and to apply it speedily; for one effect of the end of the war will inevitably be to release pent-up Trade Union demands, not in one industry or in a few, but over the whole field.

In searching for such a policy it might seem most natural to begin by seeing what is the wage policy of the Trade Union movement and then enquiring how far the Labour Government can accept it. But in truth the Trade Union movement has no wage policy, and has always hitherto refused to have one. This is said, not by way of criticism, but as a mere statement of fact. Wage policy has been, up to the present time—subject only to modifications in time of war—a matter for each separate Trade Union, or Federation of Trade Unions, covering a particular trade or industry. The Unions, except in the relatively few occupations covered by Trade Boards or other minimum wage machinery, have jealously guarded their independent rights to settle wages and conditions by the method of collective bargaining, backed by the power of the strike. They have set their faces against compulsory arbitration, except in wartime, though they have often been ready to accept arbitration voluntarily. Their usual attitude, outside the trades for which they have recognised the need for special legislative provision to prevent sweating or to reinforce collective bargaining in exceptional cases, has been that the State should come in, if at all, only as a mediator when they have failed to secure a satisfactory settlement by the method of direct bargaining.

The Labour Party, as long as it remained in opposition, could afford to leave wages questions, except where minimum wage legislation seemed to be called for, to the Trade Unions. But as a Government which has to face the problems of the transition both from war to peace and from a planless to an at least partly planned economy, it cannot possibly continue to take this line. In respect of wages as well as of working hours (on which the Trade Union movement has proclaimed a general policy) it is essential to have a broad principle which can be applied to the particular cases as they arise. For one thing, wage policy and price policy evidently hang together; and unless all wages are to be made subject to a cost-of-living sliding scale, post-war wage-levels cannot be settled except in the light of a predetermined policy in the realm of prices. For example, the cost of food is at present fairly heavily subsidised by the Government. Are these subsidies to continue, or are they to be taken off? Again, at what levels are rents to be set by either rent restriction or housing subsidies? Until the broad answers to these and other questions are known, no intelligent fixing of post-war wage-rates can be even attempted. The railwaymen's basic four guineas in the rural areas may mean either a step forward or a step back: it all depends on what the four guineas will buy, and that is not, in these days, to be taken as fixed by the laws of political economy. On the contrary, it is to a large extent a matter for the Government to decide.

Nor can we ignore the fact that the Government is committed to a policy of full employment and that such a policy is bound radically to alter the conditions of wage-bargaining. Full employment involves a balanced distribution of labour between occupations, in broad accordance with a national economic plan of priorities in production. It is not consistent with wage-fixing by a series of independent sectional bargains, trade by trade, unless it is to be accompanied by compulsory direction of labour; and that would be repugnant not only to the Trade Unions but also to the general opinion of the people in favour of freedom. If workers are to be free, as they must be, to pick their jobs as they please, it will be impossible under conditions of full employment to allow industries to bid one against another to attract labour, which will have become a scarce commodity. It will be impossible, because the inevitable result would be to attract workers into the luxury trades and to raise costs in the essential industries, which would be forced to bid higher and higher in order to keep their labour force together. The method of sectional wage-bargaining belongs essentially to a type of economy in which the State takes no responsibility either for maintaining employment or for bringing about a reasonable regulation of production and distribution. It cannot continue in an economy planned for full employment.

The Trades Union Congress, in its report last year on the problems of full employment, showed itself aware of this difficulty, and pledged the Trade Union movement to adopt a responsible attitude in advancing wage-claims under conditions of labour scarcity and planned production. This, however, though welcome, is not enough. What it comes to is that the Trade Unions here, as in Soviet Russia, will have to accept the principle that their task can no longer be that of each, individually, trying to get as much as it can for its own members, but must become that of agreeing on a scheme of wages that will bring about a balanced distribution of labour in various occupations in accordance with national needs. Such a conception of wage policy implies not merely arbitration in the last resort, but arbitration, or wage determination, armed with definite principles. It is, however, quite consistent with leaving the detailed allocation of a given wage-total for an industry or trade to be settled between the particular unions and employers concerned.

Apart from this general matter of principle, there are important immediate wage issues to be faced over a field wider than that of any single industry. The continuous, high-speed employment of war leads to a marked rise in earnings at any given wage-rate in trades which are paid "by results," and often to countervailing bonuses in "time-working" trades. It gives rise to various kinds of risk-money, and to special payments such as the "Western Front" bonus which has recently been taken away from the dock workers. As against this, the shift back to peace will involve both the disappearance of many of these special rewards and in many cases a sharp fall in earnings, even without any change in rates of wages. Such falls will occur even when workers remain in the same industry: they will be much more serious in the case of many who have to leave munition work and seek jobs in the industries to which they were previously attached. On the whole, the war meant a shift from worse to better paid occupation, as well as a rise, within the expanding employments, of earnings in relation to wage-rates. Peace will now tend to put all these motions into reverse; and it is only to be expected that there will be determined efforts by those who are driven back to the worse-paid industries to improve their relative standing.

In the United States, wide support is already being given to a proposed "Industrial Peace Conference" designed to tackle some of these problems. Here, the Labour Government will be expected to take the initiative in solving them, even if it calls the Trade Unions and employers into consultation. In effect, it will be necessary to set up, where possible by agreement and elsewhere by arbitration, a new relativity of wages in different kinds of work; and even if, in form, each case is dealt with as it arises, and no general wage treaty is made, arbitrators can no longer be left to deal with each case in isolation and without any declared principles to guide them.

Any wage-adjustments made during the next few months ought to be regarded as merely temporary. At the end of the first world war there was a Wages (Temporary Regulation) Act, which for a limited period froze the minimum wage-rates then in being, and also provided machinery for the adjustment of rates in special cases by means of arbitration. Some similar steps will have to be taken now, to hold good until the new machinery under Mr. Bevin's Wage Councils Act has been created — and perhaps strengthened and enlarged.

At all events, the question of wage policy cannot be simply let slide. Full employment as an accepted obligation of the Government creates a totally new situation, which will have to be definitely faced. It is to be hoped that the Congress, when it meets in September, will give the Council the necessary powers, and that by then the Government will have gone some way towards indicating what line it is intending to take. As for the employers, if they really expect conditions of full employment to be in operation, they must welcome, as strongly as they would yesterday have opposed, the idea of the State taking a principal part in forming and giving effect to a general wage policy.

A LONDON DIARY

PHILIP NOEL-BAKER, the Minister in charge of U.N.R.R.A., is bringing real energy and enthusiasm to bear on that unhappy and neglected organisation. I doubt if the press reports did justice to the achievements of the U.N.R.R.A. Conference which ended last week. They made it sound as if it was all a wrangle with the Soviet Union. It is true that the Powers did sometimes divide between Russia, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Yugoslavia on the one side, and the Western democratic bloc on the other. It happened notably over the Displaced Persons question, which raises sharp issues of politics. How long can large numbers of exiles wander about Europe and be supported by U.N.R.R.A.? How much pressure should be brought to bear on them to return to their countries of origin? A sensible compromise of "encouragement" was reached on this point. The Russian demand of £175,000,000 mainly for the Ukraine was not in itself at all excessive; the problem was its relation to the £425,000,000 which U.N.R.R.A. expects to have at its disposal. The most important thing, I believe, is that the organisation has at last got under way. It is terribly late to start seriously planning the relief of Europe, not to speak of Asia, and even so U.N.R.R.A. only covers part of the problem.

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Conditions in Germany are indescribable, and if the expert accounts that have reached me are true, this winter they will be altogether desperate. Shocking, but clearly very incomplete accounts are now reaching this country about the conditions of the vast numbers of Germans who have been pushed out of the new Poland into Germany. No one in this country, whatever their party, thinks this anything but a tragic and deplorable policy. The Americans are holding a special conference in Germany on the subject this week. But there still seems to be no constructive economic programme for Germany, and accounts from British and American sources agree that looting and crime against Germans proceed in the British zone, rather more in the American zone, while in the Russian zone whole areas are ruthlessly stripped and the behaviour of Mongolian troops who occupy certain districts is simply barbaric. The first needs are transport and coal supplies. There are hundreds of thousands of lorries if they can only be mobilised, and plenty of coal if it can be mined and taken to the right places. Sir Arthur Salter, who made, I thought, one of the few really good speeches in last week's debate on the Charter, should be roped in to help. He has unique experience and drive; he is an idealist of the most practical kind. At present soldiers govern Germany, and if they could act in economic operations as they do in war—and the need is no less urgent—we should get things done. Why, for instance, should not the Army be told that coal from Western Europe had to be mined and distributed with the same planning and operational efficiency as the landing in France last year? Make it "operations" and the thing would get done.

* * *

In a country where personal relations are as subtly interwoven with politics as they are in China, it would be a mistake to think of the discussions between Chiang and the Communists merely as a bargaining between a sovereign Premier and a rebellious faction. In the minds of these men there will not only be the story of Chiang's many expeditions against the Communists and the fact of their present strong position in China, but also a memory of many efforts at agreement, of a period when the Popular Front was real and a host of personal memories. For instance, Chou En-lai, the leading Communist negotiator, was responsible for saving Chiang's life after he had been arrested in December 1936 in Sian. Chiang was arrested by Chinese patriots when he was trying to organise still another expedition against the Communists. Chang Hsueh-liang, the "Young Marshal," and General Yang Hu-chen put Chiang under arrest and then called in the Communists and others to discuss united resistance to Japan. Some of Chiang's rivals in Nanking wanted him killed. The fact that Chou En-lai prevented this may still be remembered. It is typical of China that in 1937, after Chiang had returned to Nanking and had agreed to resist Japan, Chang Hsueh-liang and General Yang were placed under house arrest, and have remained in comfort, but without freedom ever since. If Chiang maintains the traditions of China—I do not know if he will—civil war will now be averted and the unity which both the Communists and the Kuomintang have always talked about will be achieved—but it will be on Chiang's, not on Yenan's terms.

* * *

A remarkable correspondence appeared recently in this journal on the subject of mental hospitals. The allegations of voluntary patients, whose evidence tends (not always rightly) to be discounted, was to a large extent borne out by mental doctors and nurses. I had this correspondence in mind when I paid a visit the other day to the large mental hospital at Hellingly in East Sussex. First I recalled charges of maltreatment of patients by male or female nurses. About these there is nothing much to say because in spite of strict safeguards—every bruise, for instance, must be reported and investigated—it is clear that an exceptionally bad or exasperated nurse could get away with occasional acts of cruelty even in the best-run hospital. The safeguards are vigilance and the careful choice of staff. The other charges really boil down to the single assertion that in mental hospitals all kinds of patients, including the voluntary ones, are herded together, pushed round by an inadequate and untrained staff and not given any serious medical treatment that is likely to cure the curables or prevent the mildly disordered from getting worse through contact with the chronic cases. It is quite clear that in the case of Hellingly this main charge is largely untrue. Voluntary patients are as far as possible segregated in small villas and the doors are left unlocked. The same ideas of segregation and freedom extend through the whole hospital, though there could be more freedom and better medical treatment if more staff were available. Some certified patients are allowed to walk where they will "on parole." The buildings are set in lovely gardens and there are fine recreation grounds used by hundreds of patients on a fine summer day and a huge room for communal handicraft (it was raining when I was there) when it is impossible to go out. All "melancholic" patients are given an electric treatment with a surprisingly high proportion of cures. Something like half the patients received are able to leave and not many have to come back.

* * *

I could sing the praises of Hellingly at some length. As far as I could judge the main limitations of the place were the unavoidable shortage of doctors and nurses—defects which I hope will soon be remedied. But the thought uppermost in my mind as I left was different. How many mental institutions in this country have this fine diversity of comparatively modern buildings, and how many are large enough or rich enough to go so far as this in segregation, to have modern apparatus and to give even the degree of individual treatment which is possible with the present staff at Hellingly? Not, I believe, very many. It needs little imagination to realise what a torture to a sensitive patient a mental hospital must be if the idiot children (the most pathetic cases), the idiot adults (the most terrible cases), the chronic melancholics and paranoiacs, the violent, the suicidal and all the rest are not adequately sorted out and kept out of sight and earshot of each other. In one ward, for instance, an old lady of 86 who would not stay in bed was endlessly banging and shouting through the window of a small side room. No one's fault, and no doubt in some days' time she would "settle down." But suppose you were a voluntary patient kept in bed for a fortnight as voluntary patients usually are, and suppose instead of being in a pleasant villa, as you would be at Hellingly, you found yourself next to this old dame banging and shouting night and day, what would you not write to the papers about your treatment at the hospital when you left! No, the moral is clear. Mental hospitals need space, segregation, many good nurses—it is not a profession that easily attracts the best—and a large staff of up-to-date doctors with time for individual treatment. Given these things a mental hospital remains at best a sad institution. Without them it must be an inferno. I want to know how many mental hospitals in this country come as near as Hellingly to offering these advantages?

* * *

Weather prophecy was, we thought, one of the few permanently useful achievements of the war. If our meteorologists could direct airmen, why not harvesters and holiday-makers? I suppose the abject failure of the B.B.C. weather forecasts is due to the difference between knowing six hours in advance about the weather of a particular area, and knowing twenty-four hours in advance for all the areas of England and Wales. But whatever the reason, if our weather boys can't do better than they are doing just now, they had better shut up. Their present forecasts are merely annoying. Farmers arranging for harvesting last week-end may even have given up in despair when they heard about the drizzle that was coming, and must have been rendered furious by wasting one of the few perfect days that we have had this summer. As for holiday-makers, if they take any notice of the B.B.C., presumably they loaded themselves up with coats and umbrellas. Weather prophecy in the complex conditions of these islands still seems to resemble the historical forecasts of incautious Marxists. Over a few centuries, Marxism is a useful general basis for speculation; it does not tell you what will happen anywhere in the next decade. In the same way the meteorologists can't tell you whether it will rain to-morrow.

* * *

I think we must start a *This America* column. I hear that American newspapers are now carrying advertisements inserted by a society for the release of Pétain.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Mrs. Clifford Whone.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Men have always smoked. With women it is just a habit.—Letter in *Bradford Telegraph and Argus*.

As the result of Bristol "VJ" Day rejoicings the Corporation have announced the loss of 80 pig food bins and 400 lids. They were used as drums for the processions.—*Gloucestershire Echo*.

The world is holding its breath and wondering what Kirkintilloch will think of next.—*Kirkintilloch Herald*.

It's well known that the British film unit which went to Egypt recently for scenes in Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" took their own home-made Sphinx along. (It was more photogenic.)

What's less well known is that they left it there "for Egypt." Producer Gabriel Pascal says he got a local stonemason to engrave the plaque: "With the compliments of J. Arthur Rank."—*Daily Mail*.

Vicar on divine purpose of the atomic bomb.—Headline in *Surrey Mirror*.

MR. TRUMAN'S AMERICA

By our American Correspondent

The honeymoon period is over in American politics as in British. Its unexampled length was due to various causes apart from the political skill of the ex-Senator who became President. The sympathy of the people for a plain man faced with such enormous tasks gave Mr. Truman for a short time a position above party comparable only with that of the British monarchy. To a large extent also Mr. Roosevelt still ruled America from his tomb; his successor claimed to be carrying out merely the provisions of his political testament. Finally, and most important, both Conservative and Liberal forces were attempting to flatter Mr. Truman into their camp. But now that the Japanese sneak surrender has caught America far less well prepared for peace than the sneak attack at Pearl Harbour found her for war, Mr. Truman must come down from the throne.

During his wartime administration Mr. Roosevelt moved steadily to the Right in order to broaden the basis of his regime and thus cement national unity. But no one ever doubted that fundamentally Mr. Roosevelt was, in his own words, "slightly to the left of centre" and a true friend of the common man. With Mr. Truman, himself a product of this rightward trend, there is more doubt. Party principles in America are sufficiently loosely formulated for the complexion of a party to be greatly changed by the President's choice of advisers, and American liberals have viewed with some alarm the almost complete change that has taken place in the Cabinet since April. So far organised Labour has been pacified by the appointment of Mr. Schwellenbach as Secretary of Labour, but they are coming to realise that his functions are minuscule compared with the power of the Director of Reconversion, often called the Assistant President. John Snyder, who holds this post, is politically almost completely unknown; as a banker from St. Louis, however, he is not suspected of liberal tendencies.

Reconversion so far has consisted in removing controls and restoring the "higgling of the market" to its nineteenth-century glory. It is too early yet to judge whether this is conscious policy or simply the result of the total absence of any other plan. Undoubtedly *laissez-faire* of this type will be very popular with the Conservatives, but it has the possibility of the most serious consequences at home and abroad.

Economically it may lead to inflation, with the result that the rich get peacetime luxuries before the poor have had a chance to get necessities. But the inflationary danger can easily be exaggerated as a long-term menace. The American economic system has shown its immense strength in this war, and there is more danger of deflation—an incomplete digestion of the total national product resulting in a costiveness of the whole economy. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Vinson, defined the American task as "learning to live 50 per cent. better than before the war." Such a task might be achieved.

The political results of non-planning may be more serious. "Temporary" or frictional unemployment is easy to explain away in financial columns; but the 8,000,000 persons unemployed next year (Mr. Snyder's estimate) may have other views. So most certainly will the C.I.O.'s Political Action Committee, whose influence in the congressional elections in November 1946 cannot be overlooked by the Administration. One of the many results of the Labour victory in Britain has been an increase in the political ambitions of American Labour, and considerable talk of a third party if the Conservatives should capture the Democratic Party from the New Deal.

The external effects of any such New Economic Policy on the part of America may be even more disastrous for all concerned. America has undergone baptism by total immersion in the Internationalist creed; the world anxiously waits to see if this will affect her economic conduct. The sudden cancellation of Lend-Lease has made many on both sides of the ocean fear that Uncle Sam intends to become solitary, rich, nasty, anti-British and short-tempered, retiring into an ivory tower clearly marked "Last Bastion of Capitalism."

There are plenty of reasons for the abrupt ending of the Lend-Lease programme. It was a purely wartime measure and the war had ended. Still there are ways of indicating the termination of a lease more friendly than suddenly putting the family out on the doorstep in the economic climate of 1945. The ending, by unilateral action, of what we regarded as a Mutual Aid programme served to highlight an American view of Lend-Lease and reverse Lend-Lease. On this view, America gave, we charged; the gift may have been necessary to the war, but it was pure unselfish generosity, in fact over-generosity. Our charges, on the other hand, for transport of American troops across the Atlantic, though borne by Lend-Lease, were excessive and unjustified, on a par with rents for the trenches of 1918.

This belief that the British were once again jipping the simple American has prevailed widely. President Truman has appeased Congress. This would seem to indicate that the period of co-operation, which the war made necessary and Roosevelt made possible, has ended and domestic politics have returned to their prime position. This new dawn has been hailed only by the rabidly anti-Roosevelt organs. They are strange bedfellows for his successor; they may be relied on to bite the hand they have clasped.

The natural suspicion in British Left circles that there was an attempt "to pull the rug from under the Labour Government" is probably a misinterpretation. This was Coolidge diplomacy, not dollar diplomacy; the unspoken thought was, "they hired the rug, didn't they?" But it is of course true that British stock has fallen in Conservative circles as the result of the election, and Mr. Attlee's feelings are not to be so carefully spared as those of Mr. Churchill. By going Socialist we have joined the ranks of the undeserving poor, and our success would be as demoralising as the triumph of a spendthrift in a film. The Wall Street version of the Hays office intends to see that nothing they do helps such a dramatic absurdity to occur. But the feeling of dismay at the election results in Britain goes beyond the true blue American Conservatives, it is shared by many who admired the war leadership of Mr. Churchill and feel cheated that we have removed this John Bull mask and revealed the sinister visage of Professor Laski.

The fears expressed that America is going back to isolationism are also ill-founded. The "internationalist" bridges, San Francisco Charter, Unrra and Bretton Woods, have all been crossed. Mr. Byrnes, though a weak Secretary of State, is by no means an isolationist, nor is Mr. Truman. The danger is that their rather vague internationalism will be perverted and that the idea of the world state will become the idea of the world empire. The old American belief that all men are Americans under the skin gives colour to this view. Such an approach recognises that there is but one world, but adds that its profit is to be American.

The demands made on the world organisation by the United States would be extreme if this view were to prevail. Economically, such an America wishes to export its unemployment, and those who resist are opponents of world trade co-operation. Politically, countries must be democratic capitalists, or they will be denounced as totalitarian. Strategically, the United States intends to achieve self-defence by seizing all bases in the Pacific, which will become an American lake where other Powers will exist only on sufferance. Militarily, the whole world must realise that America has the greatest war potential in the world, and, with the atom bomb added, is impregnable and almighty. The power pattern is reduced to the Big One.

But this is not what America thinks, only what one section of America appears to be thinking at present. There is no indication that it is the majority opinion of the country; indeed, the response of the Liberal press—as far right as the *New York Times*—would indicate that such a course would run into very severe opposition. The America of Roosevelt, and Willkie, Wallace and Hull has not disappeared. If it comes to see that America's own interest will be destroyed by an unprosperous and unfriendly world, and that present policies make such a world more possible, it will be heard from in no uncertain tones. But at present America is not sure that her bounty is being used for the benefit of all and not merely for the profit of individual countries. Of that she must and can be convinced.

PROGRES$?

"What with them scientists and Mussolini and Hitler, the world'll be in a bloody mess soon, that's what I think." The prophecy was made by a young carter in 1938. A report to Mass-Observation in 1941 described an acquaintance's attitude to scientists: "Mr.——," it said, "is firm in his belief that all scientists should be hung by the neck until dead and then left as a grisly warning to others. This procedure, he states, is necessary to stem the spate of horrible things which flow from their laboratory benches. He would also like to see the aeroplane inventors and technicians enjoying a similar fate to the science-mongers."

A Mass-Observation investigation in 1944 showed that nearly one person in three takes the view that mankind is *not* progressing, is "progressing backwards," or progressing too fast. "They're progressing too much, I think. I don't think it's natural for everything to be so mechanical. We're crazy for greed and speed. Things move too quickly. We're overstepping in some ways," said one woman. Again: "We're sort of relying too much on machinery. It's spoiling the health of the people." And a third comment: "I think we're doing too much thinking. We're meddling too much in things we ought not to."

When news of the atom bomb broke, we found many of the old fears and confusions coming up. At first many looked on it as simply another bigger and better bomb—"I think it's marvellous. It's just what we want, isn't it?" or: "Well, they used things like that against us, so we should use them against them." That attitude did not last long. A middle-aged working man said, "It's too much. We're going too fast. I'm on the same sort of thing in the food line, so I know what it is. We're one generation too early. We're not fit to handle such things." And another: "It's a sign of deterioration that these things have to be. Man's getting away from his God and what he knows is right."

We asked people, during the three days following the news, whether they thought in the long run the invention would be a good or a bad thing for mankind. A considerable majority thought it would be bad. To many it seemed to bring the end of the world out of the realms of fantasy into the foreseeable future. "To use my husband's words," one young woman said, "it'll wipe out the world in time." And again a middle-class woman of 20, who thought the discovery should be destroyed after the end of the Japanese war, said: "If science can get the atom bomb it can get more powerful things, and it'll be ghastly for us. We'll just melt away like water—just melt."

Ordinary peoples' ideas of what scientists are like are very largely based on films and thrillers—the cold, dispassionate, infallible, mysterious and incomprehensible figure. In the invention of the atom bomb the film character seems to have stepped right off the screen into the everyday world. Here at last *is* the fantastic invention

holding power of life or death over the whole world. It was an educated woman of 55 who said: "James Watt and his kettle started all this trouble. I'd like to drown all scientists. We'd be better without them."

The significance of these remarks should not be exaggerated, but they are made by a considerable minority, and they have been made now for a long time. It needs no psychologist to see that a deep feeling of guilt has been brought to the surface by the atom bomb, climax to the guilt-stimulants of six years' war. Large numbers of people wish the greatest discovery in the history of mankind had not been made; they think the chances are it will be used for evil purposes.

This is the first reaction. If some think it is the scientists' "fault," the origin of this feeling is plain enough. They need a scapegoat to take the blame from their shoulders; and scientists, fictionally aloof, amoral, emotionless, detached from the troublesome dreams of guiltless suburbia and the innocent couples in the one-and-ninepennies, fill the bill.

What is needed now is a systematic debunking of the fictional picture. Everyone who has met them knows that scientists quarrel with their wives, have bad dreams, go to the flicks, keep dogs and cats, and wonder, like anyone else, whither mankind? Bring the scientist publicly down to the human plane on which he has always lived privately, and these destructive scapegoat blames will lose their focus. There is a growing, but so far vague, idea among ordinary people that science ought to be "controlled." The danger is lest "control" of science be taken to imply the suppression of irresponsible inventions or a pogrom of over-brilliant inventors, instead of a responsible supervision of the use to which new techniques and discoveries are put.

MASS-OBSERVATION

"CULTURAL CAPITAL"?

A FEW days ago a very intelligent young writer from the Continent told me that, in his view and that of his friends, London is now—and will be for many years to come—"the cultural capital of Europe." I am afraid he found my reply a trifle wanting in enthusiasm. And since then I have spent odd moments going over the ground, surveying this new cultural capital. I do not deny that London could—and should—occupy this position, but I see very few signs at present of any adequate preparation; and indeed the outlook is gloomy.

Let us begin with books. (And here let me add that more than one knowledgeable foreigner has told me that London ought to be the greatest publishing centre of the post-war world.) The shortage of paper and labour, especially for binding, is now disastrous. By this time we authors are used to being out of print and disappearing from the bookshops for months on end. But now our agents come to us in despair because they cannot even find copies to meet the urgent demands from publishers and translators abroad. And the Dominions depend more and more upon the United States for their reading matter. We seem to be busy blanketing and silencing ourselves.

Again, we should be hard at work, with official encouragement, planning new and brighter periodicals fit for a world market. And if we do not produce these, then I prophesy that within the next year or so American periodicals will follow the example of American films, and that even here glossy and tendentious American periodicals will begin to dominate the bookstalls.

Then there is the London theatre. It is time the public realised what is happening in the theatre, that the ownership or control of theatres, at a time when no more will be built for years, has largely been grabbed by catchpenny second-rate showmen, without a policy or any knowledge of or care for serious drama. Rents and costs are soaring. We have good actors, some (though not enough) good producers, and—strange though it may seem—a few real dramatists. We have potential audiences for decent work. What is lacking is organisation, a solid foundation and a serious policy instead of self-advertising and Monte Carlo antics. Why any man with some profits to spend and a girl friend to please should be allowed to control one of the amenities of a great city, put any dirty bit of nonsense on the stage of a theatre (solemnly licensed, too), is to some of us a mystery. Why not go the whole hog and lease the British and Victoria and Albert Museums to exhibitors of "Saucy Art Photos"?

Old Vic Shakespeare and interior decorators' revivals of Wilde and the like will not give us a real theatre. We shall have that when we have well-trained teams of actors in vital new plays. And the situation in the Provinces is no better than that in London. The larger theatres are run by men who prefer third-rate revivals of second-rate musical comedies to any real drama. Weekly "Rep" does its best, but even when it does not clutch at any rubbish that has had a long run in the West End, it is intolerably hampered by the conditions of weekly production. The amateurs, who often do excellent work, have, of course, been hard hit by the war. And towns that badly need modern playhouses are not likely to have them for years. But the worst features of the present theatrical scene are the lack of foundation and organised structure, the absence of co-operation and common effort, the gambling and exhibitionism and waste and mess. And what are we to show the intelligent foreigners who come here?

We might have been doing something in films. We have had the chance. Thanks to the training in documentary that so many of our younger film men have had, and because we were nearer the war than Hollywood was, we have produced better war films than Hollywood; but now, when we ought to be planning exciting adult films good enough for people who won the war, we appear to be playing down to the lowest level of our audiences. Mr. Rank and Hollywood propose to divide the spoils between them. If you don't like their stuff, then you can stay at home. The desperate shortage of studio space (we have used some of it for storing food supplies and doing little factory jobs) makes new enterprise impossible, even if the distributors would play. When will it be realised by our politicians that films, which catch millions in their relaxed and unguarded moments, are just as important as platform speeches and articles in the Press? I suspect that even the Americans do not understand how much of their prestige among the world's youth they owe to Hollywood.

Music? The audiences are ready for anything but the most difficult work. But our symphony orchestras are monstrously overworked, perform far too often and rehearse too little. No orchestras in the United States or Russia give so many public performances and have so few rehearsals. Our players know this, and ask not for more leisure but for time in which to heighten and perfect their technique. Another serious weakness, which reinforces the demand for increased subsidies, is our lack of concert halls that hold enough people and give the music a chance to be heard properly. I doubt if there are half-a-dozen even moderately good concert halls left in the whole country. If we cannot start building yet, then there is no help for it, but at least in the meantime we can make sure that the symphony orchestras are kept alive.

Because of its news and talks services, especially during the worst war years, the B.B.C. acquired, both for itself and this country, a fine reputation. I have a suspicion that we are now playing ducks and drakes with that reputation. We ought to be offering Europe magnificent programmes, and at the same time we ought to be creating, with the help of the Dominions, a British Commonwealth broadcasting service, which would act as a cultural link between London, Toronto, Sydney, Cape Town. It is too early to criticise what is being done at home—we are promised a really adult programme next year—but so far it looks as if the old policy of providing quantity rather than quality is being persisted in. And it is no use screaming for new radio writers if such writers are not to be properly paid for their work and are still treated as if they were cogs in a sausage-making machine. What Broadcasting House needs now are a few madmen who have a flair and a passion for radio, fellows who curse you right up Portland Place if you are bad, but stand you a whacking great supper if you are good. More glamour, art and devilment; and less truckling to the half-wits who write most of the letters.

I will end with some advice to our new legislators. If there must inevitably be some tightening of our life during the next twelve months, then let there be at the same time some overdue loosening. This new House of Commons should take a stand that no previous House during the last fifty years has had the courage to take; it should refuse to allow itself to be bullied by fanatical and well-organised minorities, of which the Lord's Day Observance Society is the type. What is loosely called "night life" happens to bore me, but lots of people, expecially if they are away from their own town, enjoy it, and I have never understood why it should be cut short every night in Britain merely to satisfy a few busybodies. And visitors from abroad do not admire our wisdom when they see our waiters snatching the glasses from public supper tables every evening. If the Tory papers mean something more by "liberty" than the freedom to make big profits out of public needs, then let them start a campaign in defence of real civil liberties, particularly the freedom of men and women to enjoy their leisure as they please, without being pushed around by organised gangs of sourfaces. If we have to work like blazes, shabby and poorly fed, in a half-ruined Britain, well we can do it, but let us bring some freedom, intelligence, grace, gaiety and grandeur of the spirit into our lives. When London was burning, everybody admired us. So let us set the Thames on fire again.

But so far I don't see even a few sparks.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN

OSCAR WILDE was born in Dublin in 1856 and so was Bernard Shaw. I have been sometimes tempted to entertain the idea—and it recurred to me at the Haymarket Theatre at the close of Mr. Gielgud's production of *Lady Windermere's Fan*—that the Zeitgeist, having of course the welfare of our Theatre at heart, intended those two to run neck-and-neck for the first place in English 20th century drama, each thus learning from the other's success to correct his own deficiencies; Wilde to choose themes with more depth—more ideas in them—Shaw to pay more heed to the importance of form. Of course, the catastrophe of Wilde's trial in 1895 ruined the plan of that benevolent Time-Spirit. After two years' hard labour he was a broken man, having contributed only one farce of supreme excellence to the permanent repertory of our theatre. Barring *The Importance of Being Earnest*, I cannot help thinking that Oscar Wilde's best plays were still to be written when he died at the age of forty-six. As he said himself, hitherto he had only put his talent into his plays, his genius had gone into his talk. The attitude of the artist towards society was the theme which most deeply interested him; that was the theme he understood best. He wrote frequently and admirably about it, but he never dramatised it. What fine, what amusing plays might he not have written about that many-sided subject, and how badly such were needed! At the same time Wilde would have stood for form and literary style upon the stage, for legitimate frivolity, and the right to handle situations without worrying about their practical implications. What excellent object lessons for Shaw, who, having no rival to run him close, cantered carelessly along well ahead of the rest of the field, producing plays crammed with

interesting discussions, but with the exception of *St. Joan* and *Heartbreak House* not attempting to embody a single, main idea.

How does this "Story of a Good Woman" (the play's sub-title) strike us to-day? Though I could not have believed it thirty years ago, most favourably. To-day is a period of revivals. In times of rapid and violent change, people often enjoy pictures of times more confidently stable, and the plays of Oscar Wilde now seem as far from the realities of social life as Restoration Comedy. They are, of course, extremely sentimental at their serious moments, but this sentiment now "dates" so completely that it amuses without irritating. It is chiefly contemporary, or more or less contemporary, sentiment which strikes the stern realist as fulsome and foolish and even wicked; no one to-day hates the sentiment of *The Vicar of Wakefield* or of Sterne. No doubt, had I been a dramatic critic in the Nineties, one aware of Ibsen and Shaw (Shaw's first play, *Widower's Houses*, was performed three times the year after *Lady Windermere's Fan*), I should have been down upon the sentimental passages in Oscar Wilde's play. But now, like the soliloquies, they have become for us part of a dramatic convention, while the removal of the whole play further back from reality enables us to perceive what a neat piece of work it is, and to enjoy its ingenious and dramatic construction. The end of Act I leaves us longing to know how Lady Windermere will behave to her rival. Will she strike Mrs. Erlynne across the face with her fan, as she has threatened, if her husband insists on inviting her to the ball. At the end of Act II we are agog to see what is going to happen in Lord Darlington's rooms that night, but still mystified as to Windermere's motive in allowing himself to be blackmailed by an adventuress. Recall the excellent stagecraft of the surprise in Act III, our discovery that the young wife who has been held up as the model of all virtues is not after all the "good woman" of the play, but the woman with the shocking past. Recall how the brilliant talk of the men before Mrs. Erlynne emerges from Lord Darlington's bedroom to claim "the fan," prevents us being impatient, and makes the inevitable interval before the discovery amazingly worth while in itself; and lastly, recall the excellence of the stagecraft which reserves the explanation of the whole story intact for the last act—that the disreputable Mrs. Erlynne is Lady Windermere's mother. It is unnecessary to worry ourselves about psychological improbabilities. The stagecraft is masterly.

It is hard for actors and actresses to hit to-day the right medium between easy naturalness and graceful formality in depicting the social manners of a bygone period, now when living models are scarce. Only the servants in the play to-day seem quite sure where, so to speak, they are. But the delightful fun of that spirited caricature the Duchess of Berwick comes across effectively in the person of Miss Athene Seyler, though I should have liked even from her just a shade more dignity, however absurd in its context. Darlington was safe in the hands of Mr. Griffith Jones, being a very reserved emotional part, but I thought the prime wit in the play, Cecil Graham, lacked elegance in the delivery of his polished comments. Miss Isabel Jeans's pleasingly impertinent voice, level, yet capable of most subtle inflections (recall her as Lady Utterwood in *Heartbreak House*) and her graceful carriage, to say nothing of the amazing elegance of her two costumes, made her a marked success as Mrs. Erlynne. Only in the passionate soliloquy at the close of Act II did her acting strike me as leaving something to be desired. Windermere is inevitably rather a stockish part. Mr. Toone did not let himself go enough in the few passages where he can deviate from a masculine masterful reserve. I would have liked Lord Augustus to be a little more ridiculously flamboyant than he was, and Mr. Shepley's articulation was not always perfectly clear. Lady Windermere is an extremely hard part. I thought Miss Dorothy Hyson preserved the essentials—a simple-minded distress, but I could have wished her to be rather more moved by Darlington's love-making—just a shade beyond that troubled, reproving embarrassment which she did show. I wanted her, too, to show a more *furious* contempt for Mrs. Erlynne in Act III, just before she recognises in her a saviour.

Yes, on the whole, the play went very well, and Mr. Cecil Beaton's three sets for it and his costumes were splendid and delightful. Lord Darlington's room I took in at a glance, and I even regretted that I was too absorbed in the drama to verify a perfection of detail which I guessed was everywhere discernible.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

RADIO NOTES.

Science Magazine (contd.). There seems good reason to believe that men of science are justified in their (unanimous?) claim that the shape of future society will be determined by the scientific advances made in the next few years. The release of atomic energy can hardly fail to prove as revolutionary as the discovery of steam power or electricity. And there have been strides made under the pressure of the recent war, not all of them directed towards destruction: penicillin, for instance. The enormous increase of importance which scientific inventions are acquiring is bound, I think, to end by handing over to science the primacy which has been held up to now by the Christian religion. Whether this would be a good or bad thing, I shall not presume to say; but Mr. C. P. Snow's call for a system of graded scientific workers points in this direction, since a development along those lines would almost certainly result in the creation of an elaborate hierarchy—a society within a society—somewhat on the lines of the mediæval Church. Very well; but in that case the bishops of the new faith will have to be on their guard against the occupational diseases of religion and of art, Jealousy and Dogmatism, which will otherwise surely creep in and foul the pure stream of scientific thought. For pure it must be: the rather touchy anxiety betrayed by the speakers, that we should realise how important they are and how unreasonable it is of us to expect them to explain themselves in a simple manner, revealed their deep affinity with artists. The aim of science, they affirmed, is primarily Knowledge—whatever use may be made of it—and only secondarily to provide housewives with bigger and better labour-saving devices. That being so, it seems to me inadvisable to aim at the maximum audience in these programmes, as Professors Heilbronn and Haldane desire. Any attempt to simplify beyond a certain point what is intrinsically complex and difficult is doomed to fail with all parties. As with other and similar programmes, it is better to aim either high or low—not in the middle, where there is apt to be a void of inattention. Finally, I thought the book review a mistake. Although on the face of it it may seem in place, the result in the broadcast was to lose the valuable symposium effect. The temperature, at that point, fell perceptibly.

Repeats. I note with satisfaction that the pre-war system of broadcasting some programmes in duplicate is creeping discreetly back with the new distribution of wave-lengths. Recorded repeats in the alternative programme are now quite frequent, and I fervently hope that the system may be extended and finally break down the absurd prejudice against repeats which has for so long aggravated the ephemeral nature of the medium. Writers can hardly be expected to put their best work into something which is destined to be fired into the air like a shell, explode and vanish for ever. On the other hand, *recorded* repeats need careful vetting, which they do not always get; there are few productions which would not be the better for extra rehearsal and a fresh performance. This is especially true of things like Stephen Potter's "How" programmes, which have established a new genre—a kind of sophisticated, semi-impromptu radio revue. Recorded improvisation is, after all, almost a contradiction in terms.

Vice Versa. "Squeak, squeak!" "Grumph, grumph!" Even if Anstey's fantasy is no longer as wildly funny as once we found it, I seem to feel that it should have been possible to make a radio dramatisation of it less embarrassing than this. The efforts of the actors to accommodate their voices to their lines has resulted, so far, in something not far off a charade.

We are to be regaled, I am told, with an increase of music between the hours of 8 and 9 in the morning. This is all to the good—or might be, if the quality of the music were not to be uniformly low. I am not suggesting that we want to breakfast to the strains of Palestrina or Busoni; but there is plenty of light music that is also good, and not merely vacuous or sugary.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*September 2nd.* "Foreigners" (Talk, 9.15 p.m.); "The Young Chevalier" (9.30); New Poems (10.15); "They Lived to tell the Tale" (L.P. 9.30).

September 3rd. "In the Maquis" (7.40); *The Wild Duck* (9.30).

September 5th. "Mills of Satan" (L.P. 3.0); Beethoven String Quartet E flat, op. 127 (11.35).

September 6th. Vaughan Williams: London Symphony (2.0); "Forth Bridge" (6.30); Elizabeth Bowen on Anthony Trollope (11.3).

September 7th. "An American Goes Home" (8.30); *The Weaker Vessel* (10.0); D'Indy: String Quartet in E (10.25).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"Zoya," at the Tatler
"Dillinger," at Dominion and New Victoria

These two biographies portray, one a national heroine of the Soviet Union, and the other the "shocking life story of the most wanton outlaw of our times." Neither film is outstanding; they have the defects as well as the merits of their genre, but the contrast is instructive. To take *Zoya* first, here is the life of an eighteen-year girl guerrilla who is being tortured by the Nazis; the story of her life is shown to us in a long flashback and then to the sound of the heavenly choirs (yes, they preside over Russia too) she is hanged. The narrative has been somewhat pedestrian, yet despite its dull surface this film has what so many films lack, a content. It helps one to understand the growth of courage, the intense nationalism, the passionate devotion of the young Communist to a cause; and Zoya herself, unaffected, serious and attractive, is a welcome change from the junior misses brought up on capitalist sex. Seven years ago this kind of film would have been twice as priggish, but it would also have evoked a far more brilliant technique.

Dillinger is only half a biography, because no attempt is made to explain *why* this most notorious of killers turned out as he did. The straight gangster melodrama begins to look out-of-date, and one would like to see a little more into the society that breeds such enemies. This film, I take it, has more basis in fact than the other Dillinger stories that have reached the screen; he becomes prentice to a gangster in gaol, enables his pals to shoot their way out, brings off some spectacular bank robberies, murders two of his associates, and spends his last months in hiding before venturing out to a movie show, where his girl betrays him to the police. My memory of Bogart in the role is stronger than any impression made by Mr. Gene Tierney, though the latter gives a not unconvincing study in corruption.

Well, there they are, this week's hero and heroine, one all black, the other all white. I am on the side of the angels, but if I had to see either of them again, I'm afraid I should choose the unspeakable Dillinger.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE OWL

Silently, softly,
With unhurried, moth-white wings
The visiting owl voyages over the cornfield
At the oncoming of night:
The great wings but skim the blades of wheat
Making no noise. So Death comes
To the small creatures that wait.

In the mirror I catch sight as I pass
Of the white owl-like face
Of the sick man, with great dark eyes
Looking out of the glass.

This is the nocturnal hour
When predatory fears
Put forth their power.

A. L. ROWSE

Correspondence

GREECE

SIR,—I would like to say how much the events in Greece reinforce your plea for a broader staffing of our Embassies. Mr. Bevin will, in the usual order of things, have to rely during the coming months chiefly on the British Embassy in Athens for accurate and unprejudiced information on which to base his future policy. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the information so given will present a more complete picture than has been given in the past.

For example, it is universally known in Greece that anyone suspected of E.A.M. or even of Venizelist sympathies will be almost certainly rejected "on medical grounds" for the new Greek Army which is being equipped and trained by the British Military Mission to Greece. Field-Marshal Alexander has announced that the B.M.M. will not leave Greece until at least three Greek divisions have been re-equipped and trained. We are therefore placing tanks and other weapons at the disposal of a political and not a national army, an army whose Royalist officers make no secret of their hatred of Russia and their territorial claims against Albania and Bulgaria. I suggest this is a serious matter, especially when Greek officers of the Quisling Security Battalions are found in strength in the new army.

May I relate one incident from my personal experience? In November, 1944, 1,400 members of the Security Battalions were gathered at Gythion under the joint guard of E.L.A.S. and the R.A.F. Regiment. M. Papandreou sent down M. Caratseas from Athens to undertake a judicial inquiry into individual cases. After inquiry, M. Caratseas released, with the consent of E.L.A.S., who gave safe conducts, all but 280, against whom it was held there existed strong evidence of having shot E.A.M. hostages, or of having burnt Ardarte villages, or of having committed some other atrocity during the Occupation. These 280 criminals were held unharmed by E.L.A.S. awaiting trial in the gaols of Kalamata and Sparta throughout the December fighting.

The first act of M. Vrachnos, the new Plastiras appointed Governor of Messinia, when he returned to Kalamata with British troops on March 7th of this year, was to consent to the release of these men. They were released to the accompaniment of musical honours and Royalist songs and cheers in both towns.

Within a week M. Dallas, the ex-E.A.M. Mayor of Kalamata, was in gaol with some 60 other E.A.M. sympathisers. He is in gaol still. No charge has as yet been formulated. I have been told, however, that, like so many other members of the Resistance, he is to be charged with having sat (he is a lawyer) on E.L.A.S. court-martials during the occupation and sentenced Security Battalion members to death. M. Dallas is a member of Gavrielides' Agrarian Party. I can testify to his anti-Fascist work and his sterling character.

One wonders a little uneasily if incidents such as described above (and I could quote many others from personal experience) find their way into Sir Rex Leeper's reports on which our Labour Cabinet will have to base their future policy.

House of Commons. LYALL WILKES

CONDITIONS IN THE RUHR

SIR,—Your suggestion that the present set-up in the British zone is incapable of handling the political problems is dead right. Every night for the past two weeks I have been having meetings with the *Betriebsausschuss*—Works Council—of all the mines and factories in the area. There are about twenty-five big coal mines here, and in April the miners elected by show of hands an anti-Nazi council in each mine. It is the same story everywhere—Nazis in the management, Nazi foremen, sabotage and provocation—attempts to lower wages, uncooked food, etc. And the tragedy is that the Coal Control negotiates with the managements, day in and day out, and does not recognise or consult the *Betriebsausschuss*, which voices the opinions of the miners. As you can imagine, the miners are getting pretty cynical and browned off. However, there are some fine people among the anti-Nazis, and slowly they are making progress. The permission to organise trade unions will make a huge difference. But even this is going—in typical army style—from one department to another. Reams of forms, reams of applications, weeks of waiting, reporting back, somebody sitting on it, back again, and so on. It has to be done locally by each military government detachment, and at the present rate it will take about five years. It is about time the Labour Government did something about this situation such as sending T.U. representatives to each *Kreis* Military Government Detachment, who would be responsible for T.U. questions. The people in charge of it at present don't know the difference between a union and the back end of a horse. It is time the Labour Government issued a directive to the Military Government on assistance to and promotion of anti-Nazis and sterner measures against the Nazis.

I am getting to know the miners and the factories round here so well that I am completely absorbed in the work. I have almost ceased to think in terms of English politics and life. The other night I was with the *Betriebsausschuss* of a works which is already employing 18,000 men—it used to have 50,000. The whole town lives on steel and coal. They are doing locomotive repairs, truck repairs, some steel production and are preparing to produce locomotives, wagons, trucks, agricultural machinery, railway lines and sleepers, steel tiles, cans, etc. The "Ausschuss" is doing very good work in production questions, but there is the same problem of lack of recognition, obstruction and Nazi directors.

There was a Communist miner in a pit here. He had already been in a concentration camp for several years. During the war he organised anti-Nazi work together with foreign workers in the mine. The director (still there) reported him to the Gestapo who picked him up and then interrogated 165 miners from the pit. Not one of them testified against him. The Gestapo released him. He returned to the pit "*wie ein Koenig*." Later he was called up in the army—in a "Special" battalion. I know him and his brother very well, and they are two of the very finest blokes I have ever known anywhere. One of the most encouraging things is that—God knows how—all the best anti-Nazis have managed to bring up fine children—boys and girls—in spite of the H.J., etc. They are entirely different from the other brats—really fine and somehow a hell of a lot more mature. The daughter of the miner I talked about above is called Sonia—she was born when her father was in Sonnenburg Concentration Camp in 1934.

There is no need for worry about the eventual future of Germany when one sees these people and their children. I only feel ashamed that our Military Government still spurns them and fails to use their terrific capabilities for the work ahead.

BRITISH OFFICER

RECONDITIONING GERMANY

SIR,—"Serving Officer" in your issue of August 18th suggests that the rearming of the German police "is diametrically opposed to the needs of Germany." From my experience of Germany to-day I fear that few of them would agree with that opinion, for very good reasons. Certainly the German police might be made to look less like S.A.-men by depriving them of their jackboots and breeches, and they smack too much of the military to look like our comfortable "P.C.'s." On the other hand, is it a pleasant prospect

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for an unarmed policeman to have to deal with a Displaced Person or Ally armed with revolver or carbine and intent on rape or plunder? Were these roving bands of armed men at large in England, "Serving Officer" would probably express a different opinion. A tradition of unarmed police-work can only come by degrees, and while there is so much lawlessness in Germany, and so many persons with real or imaginary grievances to settle, it is surely only reasonable to protect the people as much as possible.

No one would quarrel with the general principles expressed by your correspondent.

15, Regent's Park Road, London, N.W.1. A. J. BREWSTER

PATTERN OF ASIA

SIR,—As one of the few British Socialists who visited the Far East in 1938, at the time of "Munich," may I be permitted to add a few comments to the admirable article in your issue of August 18th, "The Pattern of Asia"?

Are we now to return, in Hongkong, Malaya and Burma, to the *status quo ante bellum*? Are the rich "tycoons" and their frivolous, socially irresponsible women-folk, to be encouraged in their previous attitude of social and political race-discrimination, especially with regard to those large groups of Chinese immigrants, who were amongst the most respectable, hard-working, and best disciplined of the citizens? Are they—the "lords of creation" on whose shoulders the "white man's burden" did not seem to lie with oppressive heaviness, once more to live, "on the fat of the land" (many times as well as they could have lived on similar incomes at home), lives of considerable luxury, based on the unrestricted supply of excellent but dirt-cheap native and Chinese labour, free from the obligation of contributing to the weight of income tax which saddles the working- and middle-classes here at home?

Is the ban on all "Left-wing" literature published in Britain, in the F.M.S. for example, to be continued? That this ban was rigorously applied to, for instance, all the publications of the Left Book Club, is not perhaps so widely realised at home as it might be, and this applied to British residents, as well as to "natives" and all others.

I am not saying that there were no responsible and enlightened individuals among our Far-Eastern administrators at that time, who did not realise what Dragons' Teeth were being sown by the general tone and customs which prevailed in our Far-Eastern possessions before Pearl Harbour. There were, indeed, several, who confessed to me in private conversation their hatred and contempt for prevailing conditions, and also their impotence to remedy most of them.

CHARLOTTE HALDANE

25, Empire House, Thurloe Place, London, S.W.7.

WAR BABIES

SIR,—I was very interested in the article on "War Babies"; I was for some three years Hon. Treasurer to a Moral Welfare Association—an unfortunate name, as sex is by no means the only opportunity for showing either morality or immorality; for the last four years I have been Hon. Secretary to a Boys' Home (ages 5 to 11). My experience is in the main the same as that of "C.S.," but it differs in some three or four respects. About half our boys are illegitimate, and some of the legitimate are the offspring of unhappy marriages; our experience is that the majority are mentally backward and physically delicate, and seem to inherit tendencies to lying and tale-telling, etc. Yet they are very well fed and clothed, go to the same elementary school as other children, have as pleasant a life as other children at the same school, and as regards health are as well looked after as any middle-class children at an expensive boarding school; in about half the cases of the illegitimates, the mother only writes very occasionally to her child, some mothers never, others again visit their child from time to time. They are not told that they are illegitimate, but I think the absence of a home of their very own makes them guess it sooner or later, and I think it tends to produce a feeling of inferiority which will be a handicap to many of them in after-life. They are very well brought up, because our master and matron have a real vocation for official parenthood, and the children's manners are excellent, and that may be a help to them in after life. But I feel that illegitimacy is a great handicap both for worldly success and for happiness in life, and in the main I do not think illegitimate children are up to the average standard in either health or intelligence.

W. LEWIS

THE YOGI AND THE COMMISSAR

SIR,—In his apology of the Soviet decree of April 7th, 1935, Mr. Pritt draws a parallel to our Defence Regulation 1B, which "appears to provide that a girl of 15 could be sentenced to death for attempting to drive a pony and trap past a military traffic cop." But surely everybody in his senses must realise that this imperfection of the English decree is unintentional, whereas the Soviet decree in question is headed "On measures to combat criminality among minors." I must say I never saw a sillier comparison come from an eminent lawyer's pen.

When a discussion of this kind has dragged on for a while, people usually forget what it was originally about. Allow me, therefore, to reprint the passage in my book containing the original text of the Decree which started the whole argument:—

". . . The existence of this decree has frequently been denied by apologists. Here is the full text, translated from the Soviet Code of Laws (1935, 19–155):—

'On measures to Combat Criminality among Minors—Decree of April 5th, 1935. C.E.C. and S.N.K. (Central Executive Committee and Council of Peoples' Commissariats).

'With the aim of the quickest liquidation of criminality among minors, C.E.C. and S.N.K. decree:—

'Young people from 12 years of age caught at theft, violence, infliction of bodily injury, mutilation, homicide or attempts at homicide, are to be brought before the criminal law courts and punished in accordance with all measures of the criminal code. . . .'

"A law which treats a child of twelve as a grown-up in the Criminal Court has no parallel in the legislation of any civilised country—or, for that matter, any uncivilised one. . . ." (Pp. 171–172.)

I have nothing to add to this except that obviously the whole point of the decree is to invalidate those provisions in Soviet Law which protect the juvenile delinquent—and on which Mr. Pritt's arguments were based.

ARTHUR KOESTLER

[This correspondence must now close. The important question seems to be whether juveniles are actually treated according to the Decree cited above or whether the provisions which Mr. Pritt quoted still prevail in practice.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

LABOUR COLLEGE

SIR,—With reference to Critic's paragraph on the fact that many of the present Labour members have had a positive political education in modern social problems, it may interest your readers to know that the small residential Labour College which used to exist at Earl's Court has provided eleven members of the present Parliament, including three Cabinet Ministers and one Junior Minister. If one bears in mind the small number of students that attended the College and the fact that many others already hold important posts in the Trade Union, Labour and Co-operative movements, there is no doubt that the College has made an impression on the British Labour Movement.

National Council of Labour Colleges. J. P. M. MILLER, General Secretary

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PLEIADES

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHAT of the writers who emerged after the war? D. H. Lawrence, for example—can he tell us anything? How does he seem now? Like Wells, he was a great influence on readers; like Wells, too, he is one of the journalist-novelists. Lawrence wrote a novel a year about his travels and the mistakes of his friends. Has he had any influence on contemporary writers? Yes; he is responsible for the fact that none of the younger novelists has any idea of how to write about sexual love. Lawrence's phallic cult was a disaster to descriptive writing. Yet it was fatal for imitators of Lawrence to pick up his contagious manner and reject the beliefs that did so much to create the manner; on the other hand, no one could possibly believe what Lawrence believed, and Lawrence hated anyone who tried to do so. One day when Lawrence and Frieda were out riding in Mexico, Frieda cried out, "Oh, it's wonderful, wonderful to feel his great thighs moving, to feel his powerful legs!" "Rubbish, Frieda," Lawrence shouted back. "Don't talk like that. You have been reading my books. You don't feel anything of the sort." All the same, Frieda persisted; she did feel like that! Certainly she *wanted* to feel like that. Lawrence's teachings are interesting because they are a compendium of what two decades of English people wanted to feel; until Hitler arose, just after Lawrence's death, and they saw where it was all leading. Seen in this light, Lawrence represented the last phase of the Romantic movement: random, irresponsible egotism, the blood cult, power for power's sake.

Still, that was only one of the lights in which Lawrence could be read. The man of genius is a melting pot. What interests us nowadays is not what Lawrence taught—if it *was* teaching—but his disposition; and that is clear the moment we pick up any of his writings. The whole of England, before and after the last war, acted upon Lawrence's imagination. He re-introduced the repressed and forgotten religious imagination into English literature, an imagination that was Puritan, exotic, essentially Biblical. He re-introduced the direct apprehension of experience. He wrote from within—from inside the man, the woman, the tree, the fox, the mine. His people and his scene, whether it is a German road, a Nottingham kitchen or a Mexican village, are no longer fingered with one hand in the manner of naturalistic writers; they are grasped with both hands, with mind and senses. The impersonal novelist, the god with the fountain pen, has gone; the people, the trees, the mines, the fields, the kitchens come physically upon the page. And although Lawrence is the most personal of novelists, quite as tiresomely personal as Thackeray, he has the kind of personality that puts the reader instantly in the scene; instead of drawing it up neatly to be considered at several removes:

> He saw the whitish muddy tracks and deep scores in the road where part of the regiment had retired. Now all was still. Sounds that came, came from the outside. The place where he stood was still silent, chill, serene; the white church among the trees seemed like a thought only.

To you, who are not a writer, the white church *would* have been no more than an undefined thought, a barely noticed mark on the skin of your mind. Or:

> He, in his semi-conscious sleep, was vaguely aware of the clatter of the iron on the iron-stand, of the faint thud, thud on the ironing board. Once roused, he opened his eyes to see his mother standing on the hearth-rug with the hot iron near her cheeks, listening, as it were, to the heat. Her still face, with the mouth closed tight from suffering and disillusion and self-denial, and her nose the smallest bit on one side and her blue eyes so young, quick and warm, made his heart contract with love. When she was quiet so, she looked brave and rich with life, but as if she had been done out of her rights.

"Listening to the heat"; "Done out of her rights"—those are instantaneous, domestic, personal and non-literary observations. They are life unrevised. Personal to Lawrence, they become personal to us. The greater part of our observation of the world has no purpose; from the point of view of the good life, society, our work and so on, it is refractory. It feeds the unorganisable soul. And the soul cannot be ordered about and cannot compromise; see the miner in *Jimmy and the Desperate Woman*:—

> "I'm nothing but made use of," he said, now talking hard and final, to himself, and staring into space. "Down the pit I'm made use of, and they give me a wage, such as it is. At the house I'm made use of, and my wife sets the dinner on the table as if I was a customer in a shop."
>
> "But what do you *expect*," cried Jimmy, writhing in his chair.
>
> "Me? What do I expect? I expect nothing. But I tell you what . . ." he turned and looked straight and hard into Jimmy's eyes. "I'm not going to put up with anything either. . . . If I give in to the coalface and go down the mine every day to eight hours' slavery, more or less, somebody's got to give in to me."

The miner is an impossibilist, one of the stock comic characters or simply the obstinate brute; but the soul is neutral and nothing can be done about it. Lawrence writes of that part of our nature about which nothing can be done. He shows us things carelessly, as they can't help being:

> A flat, shallow, utterly desolate valley, wide as a bowl under the sky, with rock-slopes and grey stone slides and precipices all around, and the zig-zag of snow-stripes and ice-roots descending, and thin rivers, stream and rivers rushing from many points downwards, down in waterfalls and cascades and threads, down into the wide, shallow bed of the valley, strewn with rocks and stones innumerable, and not a tree, not a visible bush.

Nature looks like that: all over the place, not to be altered.

It is interesting to contrast a very consciously made novel like Bennett's *The Old Wives' Tale* with Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. Both novels cover a life-time of family life. Bennett gets out his knitting needles and works precisely to an outside pattern. He sympathises, pities and invents. And he condescends. In the mind's eye the characters of any novel appear to us in a measurable size; Bennett's characters are small people, miniatures seen from a height as Bennett looks down upon them on the writing-table. They are small enough to stand on his table. The characters of *Sons and Lovers* are less complete in their detail; there is a blur in many of them so that we are not always sure of the focus; but they are life-size. They are as big as Lawrence is. They get in his way; he gets in theirs. He has got inside them until they have grown to normal size. You *follow* Constance in *The Old Wives' Tale*; you *walk with* Mrs. Morel in *Sons and Lovers*. You are as uncertain as she is, from day to day. The very muddle of the narrative in this book, with its puzzling time sequence, its clumsy jumps, backwards and forwards, give one a familiar sensation: that life sprawls, spreads sideways, is made up of reminders, and sags loosely between one point of definition and the next. The Russian novelists had this interest in the looseness of life whose crises begin so far away from their overt moment, and sometimes clean off the track of the expected drama; not only that, the crises feebly repeat themselves, without enough strength to burst out violently. The dragging-on of the affair with Miriam, for example, is well done. Lawrence's sense of the life-size of people is his gift; it is also his weakness; but if we are to look for the virtues of a novelist we shall find them in those places where he is wriggling his way round his weaknesses. Lawrence is a muddling, and often boring, narrator, totally unskilled in construction; "All right," he seems to say, "let the living people drag on their dragging days as best they can. They will move and compel because they drag, because I will make you *instantaneously* share their hours in the collier's cottage, in the factory where Paul Morel works, in the farm where he spends his holidays. You will breathe with them." It is Lawrence's power to make the reader's chest rise and fall, as it were, with the breathing of the characters in all the off moments, the lost hours, the indecipherable days of their life, that gives *Sons and Lovers* its classical fidelity to English life. There is no novel in English literature which comes so closely to the skin of the life of common people, for in its good passages—there are bad ones, too—it records their feelings in their own terms. The description of the eldest son's death, the many scenes describing the father's little habits, like washing, whistling in the garden, his halting resentment or remorse, the little provincial trips, are beautifully done. Common English working life wears the habit of things gone wrong, of awkwardness and frustration, and Lawrence detects the grain and detail of this quality with fervour and fidelity. To this fidelity and the submissive spirit of the early part of *Sons and Lovers*, he returned in only a handful of short stories, of which the *Odour of Chrysanthemums* or *The Sick Collier* seem to me the most impressive. He wrote well—and this is true of so many English novelists—only of the environment of his childhood.

Sons and Lovers goes wrong when Lawrence begins telling lies, that is to say when he starts arguing, as in the Miriam episode which is often irritable and obscure. I have always liked the Clara Dawes episode, partly because it begins well, and partly for the grotesque incident where Clara's mother sits up belligerently determined to prevent the dressed-up lovers from going to bed together. There is a guilty hang-dog humour and there is great truth of observation in this scene. Certainly *Sons and Lovers* is patchy—it was much re-written—and English novelists who write auto-biographical novels seem to plunge in and have no idea what to do with the middle of the story. Lawrence cheats about the story of his adolescence; the spirit of rebellion destroyed the spirit of fidelity essential to works of art and brought with it a shame not only of his shames but of his happiness. The suppressed secret is that the pressure of Paul's environment made him a sentimentalist like Miriam and a snob. This is sometimes elusively discussed. It is never enacted.

To the English novel as a form Lawrence made one or two important contributions. He brought in new subject matter. He put the reader almost in the position of writing the novel for himself, by giving him instantaneous observation and by slackening the strings that move the puppets. Like the Russians, he made living more important than the plot. From Meredith Lawrence developed later on the notion that people are not individual characters, but psychic types, lives hardened by strokes of the imagination. His people do not (after *Sons and Lovers*) develop, but are fixed shapes going dramatically forward to a certain fate. This conception was used by Marxist writers who followed him. Lawrence gave novels a subject instead of a plot. Especially in his short stories, Lawrence used a summary, stand-still description of characters, so that *The Prussian Officer*, for example, is a series of dramatic assertions and reiterations about two men, culminating in the tragedy. This tense and even frenzied method was made tolerable by the colloquial sound of Lawrence's own voice, i.e., the reader believes he is instantly saying it all himself. The method arises out of a weakness: Lawrence is clumsy and commonplace in straight narrative and he is too egotistical and lacking in humility to know what people are really like. But to the short story, which can support the *tour de force*, these dramatic summaries are an excellent addition, though we must allow, as in Meredith, for a certain theatrical falsity. Like Meredith (and Hall Caine) Lawrence writes at the top of his voice and is railing against his subject. Only his extraordinary sense of physical life, his lapses into accidental nature, save these rhetorical stories. In the end, one feels, it is the mining stories, things like *The Fox* and the rich irony of pieces like *The Rocking Horse Winner* which will survive whole. For the rest, we must dip for his descriptions. Once he was uprooted

from the Midlands and his class, Lawrence ceased to be a novelist: he became a traveller, an itinerant miner of literature out on some insatiable ever-deluding gold rush. His rare and brilliant discoveries are buried under pulpit loads of nonsense about people and the static life he could not tolerate.

V. S. PRITCHETT

WOPS?

An Italian Diary. By FLORA STARK. *John Murray.* 5s.

The cypresses bedecking the cover of this dainty book suggest that it contains an evocation of that Italy in which some wise and lucky English used to enjoy "*la douceur de vivre*." And in fact Mrs. Stark lived for very many years at Asolo, the hill-town in the Veneto from which a grateful Browning took the title for his swan-song. This is a place compact of grace and tranquillity, a background such as John Bellini liked to offer his Madonnas. Here Mrs. Stark, responsive to the beauty not only of landscape and art but of human character, served her neighbours by running a small factory for hand-made silks, and by her goodness and good sense she evidently endeared herself to the whole community. But in June, 1940, orders came from Rome for her arrest. (The Fascists knew that her daughter Freya was doing valuable work for the British Government in the Yemen.) *An Italian Diary* is chiefly a record of the three weeks this lady of seventy-nine spent in a jail at Treviso.

It is a slim volume, but very valuable: unlike every other account of imprisonment that I have read, it is a testimony to the natural kindness of the human heart. The governor of the jail, the wardress, the three women with whom Mrs. Stark shared her verminous cell—women accused of theft, abortion and infanticide—everyone with whom she came into contact was at pains to be good to her. Her age, her social position, her Catholic piety, doubtless inspired respect. Her goodness, the charm of which impregnates her diary, was doubtless infectious. Even so, the book reveals the admirable, now too usually forgotten, qualities of the Italians, a people often ill-educated and over-passionate, but fundamentally humane.

The regime overthrown by Mussolini had many faults; it was indeed hardly a genuine parliamentary government such as exists in this country or Switzerland or Scandinavia. But there was an Opposition, and an unregimented Press. How little the Fascists succeeded in imposing totalitarian values on the people is shown, once again, by Mrs. Stark's diary.

> "Emaleducata" (badly educated or ill-bred) is the most opprobrious remark you can make of whoever offends you.
>
> Every one of the convicts, come from the very dregs of the town, behaves courteously to me and with self-respect; with quite unfailing sense of what it is incumbent to do or say, no awkwardness, no servility.

Sometimes the prisoners would fling themselves into childish tantrums, howling and cursing and fighting.

> In spite of many dreadful rows and violent language, no rancour was really felt—presently laughter and good humour would return and chaffing as before. Also the old civilisation always shows, however bad and wicked they are! An innate sense of decorum returns to the surface and pulls up even the worst with a recognition of the value of graciousness that saves one many a hard knock. Undisciplined they are and undisciplined they ever will be, in spite of their Duce's and his friends' efforts. They will join in exercises, marchings, etc., with enthusiasm so long as these things are new, or fear makes them—but won't feel bound to go on doing so. They will not be trustworthy in that way. The Latin is too critical, too cynical, too logical. "*Cui bono?*" may be the result of their history. Some will follow the rules because by doing so they can boss the others. But even so, they tire. Truth is not of paramount importance, but kindness and charity are, and one must not forget it.

How true of the Italians, this summary from the experience of a life-time! Look, too, at the wardress:—

> Poor child—she is a gentle little thing, not meant to be a gaoler. Her flock is often insubordinate and she has hard times. She is too good-natured to report their insolence as she ought, for that would mean solitary confinement for the offender, at least for a week, and so she argues and answers back—a great mistake.

Are not the Italians separated from the Germans by what is more massive than the Alps, an antique and persistent civilisation?

Many British prisoners, it is true, suffered hideously from the incompetence or brutality of their Fascist captors. But many, too, were sheltered for months by Italians who risked their lives to help them. Almost everyone who knew Italy between the wars is agreed that Fascism, unlike Nazism, failed to penetrate deeply into the national characteristics, even among most of the young who had known no other regime. The Italians were protected from accepting Fascist values not only by the virtue of kindness but by the vice of cynicism.

I have talked of "Italians" where I should have said "North Italians and Tuscans." In the South, which has never known good government, the people present a more difficult problem. But even they—and I speak not from my very limited knowledge of them but from the evidence of such writers as Silone and Norman Douglas—even they have admirably human qualities that Fascist propaganda could not eliminate.

One of the countless ills caused by Fascism has been a breaking of the ties between the Italians and the English. A knowledge of Italy used to be for us a part of a liberal education. And to know the Italians was, usually, to like and respect them. Mrs. Stark can be considered one of the last survivors of a tradition that had lasted for centuries. But by her diary, perhaps, she may, though no longer alive, encourage successors; and, short of that, she cannot fail to rouse in every unprejudiced reader a sympathy with this people which she found happiness in helping.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE CRISIS OF CHRISTIANITY

Man and His Meaning. By J. PARTON MILUM, Ph.D. *Skeffington.* 15s.

In his Foreword to his book, which is dedicated to the memory of a son killed in action, Dr. Milum says that, humiliated by the realisation that the powers of his mind have brought man to the verge of irretrievable disaster, "it is imperative that we should enquire anew into the nature of what we call the mind." His book is in effect another attempt to answer Job's question, "What is man that Thou shouldest magnify him."

Dr. Milum is apparently an orthodox Bible Christian. His reading has been extensive and varied, but his book is marred by a rhetorical pulpit style.

For the Christian who believes with St. Irenæus that "God arranged everything from the first with a view to the perfection of man" and that man is "the dear child of the Divine word," the contemporary puzzle is sufficiently appalling. The "dear child" has been for six years using the mind, with which he has been endowed, for contriving death and destruction with immense success. The ruined cities, the semi-starvation, the industrial chaos and the political bewilderment of half the world are a scathing comment on both Herbert Spencer's humanist belief in the inevitability of progress and on the Christian belief that man was created in the image of an all-wise and all-beneficent Maker.

Can the mind, that has been so grossly misused to contrive ugliness and misery, be used to contrive beauty and happiness? Can mankind be "converted"?

Dr. Milum says that "man is man by virtue of something that he only partially possesses." It is surely truer to say that he has yet to learn how to profit from his possessions. And it is the function of religion to teach him.

Dr. Temple continually insisted, as Jacque Maritain continually insists, on the suprem importance of every human personality. B that importance only exists in the communion the individual with his fellows. The salvation the individual and the salvation of society a complementary and, though this was not admitte by Dr. Temple and certainly would not be b Maritain, the one is impossible without th other.

Dr. Milum is right in two assertions that ma appear contradictory. "The crux of Chris tianity is the redemption of the unit by the poured out life of the whole," and "the grand idea Christianity (is) an immanent life flowing fro the heart of the universe uniting the individua to the whole."

The consequence is that there must be individua frustration, unless the powers of mind, imagina tion and body are employed for the common good. That I believe is the basic assertion o Christianity and this seems—his conclusions are vague—to be Dr. Milum's contention.

Dr. Julian Huxley has said that the conflic of the future is between "the God-religious and the social-religious." But it may be urged that the two are synonymous.

SIDNEY DARK

RELIGIOUS MUSIC IN ENGLAND

The Singing Church. By C. HENRY PHILLIPS. *Faber.* 21s.

Since R. O. Morris's monograph on the contrapuntal style of the 16th century, nothing of comparable importance has appeared in this country. Now Dr. Phillips supplies a felt need, for his book deals thoroughly, in a style accessible to the layman, with the religious music of the great period of English polyphony, but relates this to its origins in Greek and Byzantine music, and to its development in the hymns of the 18th century, the anthems and oratorios and services of the 19th. With its ample musical illustrations and its unprejudiced outlook, this book is in fact a small encyclopædia; yet it is something more than this, for Dr. Phillips writes urbanely, with that combination of true seriousness and gentle amusement which is the mark of a scholar and man of taste.

The development of church music, as of opera, is bound up with the changing attitude to words—a change which we have come to see as ultimately disastrous to vocal music in this country. The year 1570 is the watershed, the date from which the great English polyphonic era starts; and this grew up through the renewed interest in the language created by the Prayer Book and the Bible, on the one hand, and poets such as Marlowe and Shakespeare, on the other. Music became the handmaid of words—*English* words.

> Latin left the composer to find his own rhythms with the usual result that he ceased to be forced into rhythmic invention. His mind tended to run in set channels. But English with its elasticity, its frequent harshnesses, its tripping dactyls, its feminine endings, made him think afresh and trim his music to the rhythmic richness of the language. It gave him really less melodic rein but compensated with rhythmic stimulation. Thus was the unique and subtle rhythmic counterpoint of the period forced upon him. Squareness, the balance of four-plus-four would not work; instead, we find Byrd writing with an engaging lilt and a felicitous over-balance, which spring from the rhythm of the text. And if we turn from the rhythmic flow of the words to their sound, we notice that the beauty of English words is lavish but often harsh. Sibilants, palatals, clusters of consonants crunch from the lips and tongue and spoil the singable vowels; but they are the expression of the vision behind the words which caught the composer aflame.

It is difficult to doubt that this is the proper, the logical relation of words to their musical setting, especially when we consider what became of English vocal music in the course of two centuries, during which the tyranny of the bar-line and of square-cut, instrumental melodies imposed itself increasingly on the genius of the language. If the melody characteristic of 16th century vocal

olyphony is hard to grasp to-day, that is because e have been unconsciously enslaved to a tradition f writing which prevents the free movement of arts.

Melodic habits are best understood by remembering Morley's dictum that the full close (that is, the perfect cadence) can come only at the full stop in the text. The method is never to write a "tuney" phrase of eight bars or so, but to divide the text into short clauses and set each either harmonically or contrapuntally. Thus in Gibbons' *O Lord, increase my faith*, the text is cut up as follows, a short melody being given to each clause:

O Lord, increase my faith——strengthen me——and confirm me in thy true faith——endue me with wisdom——charity——and patience——in all my adversity——sweet Jesus, say Amen——sweet Jesus, say Amen——sweet Jesus, say Amen.

In each little phrase there is always a studied lack of regular lilt to preserve the soberness which Cranmer suggested, and the melody moves, as in all the music of the time, English and foreign, stepwise with an admixture of short leaps.

Such forms of melody, shown at their best in he work of masters like Byrd, Morley and Weelkes n England, Palestrina and Lasso in Italy, Victoria n Spain, are totally unlike those associated with he Classical and Romantic ages in music; composed of short units, they are supremely malleable, nd their model structure gives them an expressive colour and a cohesion that solve the ormal problem.

Thus the polyphonic church music of this period s to be regarded as the most perfect form of eligious music, since its technique of expression as firmly tied to the words. With Purcell the aroque era sets in, also the secularising spirit. r. Phillips is a scrupulously fair judge, and he as many interesting things to say about the rise f the Hymn during the 18th century—a development due largely to the spread of congregational inging; but even a superficial comparison of the est of Hymns A. & M. with a movement from n Elizabethan Mass is enough to establish the act of a decadence. The emotion may be as enuine, but the means of expression have oarsened almost beyond belief. The insensitiveness to words bred by the tightening up and codification of rhythms (compare the displacement, during the 17th century, of blank verse by the eroic couplet) was bound to end—and did end—n the heavy and unpleasant "block" harmony of the mid-19th century anthem or service. rom this morass, as Dr. Phillips justly observes, nglish religious music was rescued by Stanford, composing under the inspiration of Beethoven and Schubert. But the re-discovery of Tudor music had still to be made.

I have only one criticism to make of this admirable and deeply interesting book. The lay-out, in short paragraphs each with a different heading, is not only fussy but gives a fragmentary impression—as of a school primer—which is likely to repel the instructed reader. The author may describe his book as only "an outline history"; but the scissors-and-paste look of his page will mislead many people into imagining this book to be more elementary, and less continuously readable, than in fact it is.

LIONEL CRANFIELD

£ s. d. OF HOUSING

Housing and the State, 1919–1944. By MARIAN BOWLEY. *Allen and Unwin.* 15s.

Seldom was a book more opportune than Dr. Bowley's exhaustive and critical analysis of housing policies in Great Britain from 1919 to 1939, the conditions for the success or failure of various policies, and the effect of the different subsidies to local authorities and private builders. The object is to provide a detailed analysis of the relevant data, the number of houses built, what they cost, what sized houses they are, who lives in them, how far the supply has been related to the needs of different sections of the community and in particular how far the needs of the poorest section have been met. This enquiry has led to a very careful study of the finance of housing operations and the factors affecting rent and purchase price. The author explains, with apologies, her reasons for writing her book mainly on England and Wales, and treating Scotland separately in an appendix, despite the relatively greater Scottish problems.

Dr. Bowley traces the development of housing legislation from the negative "sanitary policy" of Victorian times. The effects of mere destruction of slums were disappointing; new provision had to be made; it was made with reluctance by some local authorities under permissive powers. The war of 1914–1918 involved State intervention in the form of Rent and Mortgage Interest Restriction Acts; later in Exchequer subsidies; later still in subsidies combined with the enforced responsibility of local authorities for seeing that the housing needs of their districts were met and partially financed by local taxation. These developments, together with many counter measures and set-backs, Dr. Bowley points out, were the result of a "medley of conflicting aims, theories and hopes." It is, by now, a familiar story, but there is nothing familiar about its presentation by Dr. Bowley. The author specialises in a severely statistical arrangement of the vast material she has collected. There are 35 interesting tables, charts and diagrams. Particularly illuminating are the analyses of local authority activity and use of subsidies in different districts, with reference to need and effective demand and resources though, in this connection, the author is far from satisfied with the scope of her work: she remarks in connection with the difficulty of finding an answer to the question of why local authorities built so few houses compared to private enterprise, and the range of personal, political, economic and social factors involved: "Fascinating and amusing as an investigation of these matters would be, it would provide a Herculean task. . . ."

Dr. Bowley deals with the Addison Act and the years 1919–1923 under the heading of the First Experiment—that is, the experiment in local authority building, with State responsibility for cost—apart from the proceeds of a penny rate. The Second Experiment covers the years 1923–1933/4, the Chamberlain and Wheatley Acts, regression, the Greenwood Act: private unsubsidised building, Building Societies and the growth of owner occupation, the slump, and fall in interest rates; the Third Experiment, covering the years 1933/4 to 1939, is described as "the return to a sanitary policy"—i.e., a discouragement, in the Hilton Young period, of local authority building apart from slum clearance and rehousing, followed by the 1935 and 1936 Acts with the abatement of overcrowding policy, and the concurrent private building boom, later checked by the rise in prices resulting from the rearmament programme. Throughout this study we can follow the fate of the family dependent on an uncertain 40s. to 50s. a week; the family accustomed to pay, say 6s. a week gross for a one- or two-roomed home; and to see how the improved standard of subsidised housing, and high interest rates (a vital factor which the author fails to stress) helped to make a Council house about as inaccessible as Buckingham Palace to the poorer families, unless or until they happened to be included in a rehousing scheme after 1930.

Part II of the book deals with "the unsettled questions of housing policy" in an attempt to

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use the conclusions so far reached to gain enlightenment on present policy. Planning, possible legislation dealing with land user, and the complications which would arise from an attempt to maintain full employment are deliberately omitted. Within its scope, however, this is a most important and useful discussion. How is the rent question to be settled? Is the unfair system of heavy taxation by local rates to be continued? Are the local authorities to continue to be responsible for administering housing Acts? Are they suitable units in the present crisis? Who should build the new towns that will be needed in connection with a progressive policy of decentralisation and relocation of industry? What is our national aim to be—minimum needs, or a comprehensive rebuilding programme — one, or four to five million new houses? What is the standard to be, and what are the probable consequences of a high standard? What form should subsidies take, and how should the needs of poorer areas and families be met? These are some of the questions Dr. Bowley asks, and to which she at least suggests replies. On one point she is emphatic, and has no hesitations. The lesson of her labours is that improved State organisation is the *sine qua non* of effective housing policy.

Dr. Bowley is no theorist: still less is she an evangelist. She is an orthodox economist who has undertaken an immense amount of painstaking drudgery and used her fine intellectual gifts to provide much excellently arranged material and to draw conclusions for the use of legislators and executives. This book is especially recommended to members of local authority housing committees, as well as to all who strive to wrest order from the present housing chaos.

IRENE I. BARCLAY

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Herder. By A. GILLIES. *Blackwell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"More light": this apocryphal legend of Goethe's last words is the categorical imperative with which students of German history, literature and thought are being constantly harried to-day. Mr. Gillies' interesting study of Herder is a direct answer to that prayer, and ought therefore to be welcomed. Yet I wonder if even he will induce English readers to drink of the swirling, whirling fount of universal knowledge offered them in Herder's works. As far as scholars in this country are concerned, I believe that, until a workmanlike edition is produced in the problematical future, everyone (with the exception of valiant enthusiasts such as the author of this book) will continue to render lip-service to Herder's encyclopædic mind after recoiling in alarm from the standard edition of his works. Nor can one blame them for fighting shy of an author thus presented to their notice. Awkward to pronounce, unwieldy to handle, almost impossible to consult, Suphan, who took from 1877–1913 over the task, erected a monument to his hero which is indistinguishable from a mausoleum. And in this he proved himself the very antithesis of that philosophical live-wire. Fascinating, stimulating, maddening and chaotic, Herder is one of the most suggestive, revealing, challenging and fundamentally important writers even the Germans have ever produced. Mr. Gillies does him justice; and assesses, as far as that is possible, his vital and enduring influence, from the days when he electrified Goethe in Strasbourg until his latter-day dominion over the mind of Masaryk. I recommend to everyone the author's masterly summing up of the direction given to the German national consciousness by the fervid apostle of cosmopolitan *Humanität*. It could not be bettered, and sheds light into dark places where many are still hopefully or hopelessly groping according to the complexion of their minds. Nor is this all which could be urged in favour of Mr. Gillies' book. By the patient and lucid analysis of the works, he has evolved order out of the strange chaos of Herder's creative genius, and he has done so in a readable and at times attractive style. The best thing in the book, however, was said by Jean Paul, who (Mr. Gillies reminds us) once characterised Herder as being not a star of the first magnitude but a collection of stars. Star-gazers attempting to read the future of Germany and therefore of Europe and the world should take note of this *bon mot*.

E. M. BUTLER

The Day of Glory. By H. E. BATES. *Michael Joseph.* 6*s.*

The excursion of H. E. Bates into the R.A.F. as a writer in uniform was one of the interesting cultural experiments of the war. To all intents and purposes Bates took on that guise most dreaded by the prophets, that of the State writer.

He did it very well. Only a man of sensibility, of talent, and of integrity could have managed as he did. For he produced memorable work both as Flying Officer X and under his own name in this country and in America. It was done to order; it was d under Service conditions. It was at once immediat effective propaganda and ultimately effective literatu writing which penetrated beneath the skin of obvious and which portrayed man in proper relati to incident.

This first play of his, "The Day of Glory," is o of his personal, unofficial by-products of that R.A experience. It is not one of the popular, happy-e after pieces for production upon the escapist warti stage. Like all his better war work, it is not so mu about war as about people who in their own strick lives *are* war. The two world conflicts are implicit his group of middle-class people acting against t nervous, overstrung background of the air w The explicit impact of war is in the person of Pi Officer Radwanski—an objective and exact chara terisation of one of those Poles in whom the fighti is resolved with terrible simplicity.

The play may lack stage action, but it reads as brilliant short story in dialogue. It is not easy break off before the end, that final act of measured a inevitable tragedy. The lines themselves ring wi an economical understatement so characteristic war, and of Mr. Bates's interpretation of people at w The reading of the play is made easier and the co viction enhanced by brief, telling, descriptive sta directions.

A History of Economic Thought. By ERICH ROL Second (revised) Edition. *Faber.* 18*s.*

Professor Roll's book first appeared in 1938, a established itself at once as a useful text-book. It no reappears, with considerable amplification and alter tions, enlarged but not improved. Professor R devotes a quite disproportionate amount of spa to purely theoretical elaboration by modern economis of points of the "refinement" of analysis which a of little interest in relation to the general history economic thought. He gives, to much more purpos a brief account of the new, Keynesian approach, b entirely fails to relate it to its antecedents. The wo of J. A. Holmes is not even mentioned, though the is a very long, and by no means good, excursion o the economics of Thurston Veblen. It would b intelligible, though narrow, to leave out both Vebl and Holmes; but to deal with the one and omit th other suggests mere ignorance. By contrast th earlier chapters, which are mainly as they appear in the earlier edition, are refreshingly clear and to th point. It is in the combination of contemporar influences that Professor Roll most notably fails.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 814

Set by Sam Smiles

The Tate Gallery has reopened. Competitors are invited to write 16 lines, welcoming the pictures back to London, in the style of *Don Juan* or of W. B. Yeats. Entries by Sept. 11.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 811

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Competitors are invited to write a proposal of marriage in not more than 16 lines of macaronic verse (*i.e.* verse containing Latin or other foreign words and English words with Latin or other foreign terminations).

Report by Raymond Mortimer

Most of the entrants revelled in an ingenious but excessive polyglottery. Pibwob and Allan M. Laing were the best in this sort; Guy Innes made a skilful *canto* of familiar phrases, and Miss M. Chisholm found the furthest refinement in torture by including much Scots:

A's dirl and drang an hodiernal
Eke hasta tarantelle!
Tha Spheres hae ca'd the tune ad tantum,
Ai, Dod, mandatum est per saltum!

Of the less exhausting entries I enjoyed L. G. Udall's Anglo-Spanish ("clinchos terrificales") and Dogul-lus's Anglo-Latin ("A stabbum ad handum"). Pantarei enriched his macaronics with pleasant adaptations like "rhododactylous" and "orichalc." I recommend a first prize of two guineas for R. J. P. Hewison, a guinea each to Phlattothrat, I. C. Saul and Pibwob, half a guinea each to Yorick and Leslie Johnson.

Mihi *was* propositum
Lone to live et mori,
Shunnens matrimonium
Otio bachelori.

This futurum is, I find,
Dryasdustitudo;
So I'll changere my mind,
Domina, if you do.

Ergo, en a different
Propositionem—
Ere my cor et youth be spent,
Visne take and own 'em?

Splendide vivamus, ep-
onymously matey;
Mecum, pray, ad aram step
Et felicitate.

R. J. P. HEWISON

Vivamus mea Lesbia atque amemus:
nunc respublica rectat nos Laborum,
Attice (Laskivo territus) Bevinque
electi sunt pendulo Sinistri.
Dicam, ne timeas shortage domorum,
nostros omnia certa per Ministros;
vivemus domibus non ut aeternis,
Portales vocantur aut sardine tins.
Vescemur Spae et beanis as always,
at mittet liberatus magis fromagi.
Erunt (non pudet) filiis Clinici
qua rose-nips orangiumque habebunt.
Taxes nunc dabimus pay-as-you-earn-it:
omnes unius aestimemus assis.
Vivamus mea Lesbia et nihil timeto:
victis nunc Toribus toro iacemus.

PHLATTOTHRAT

For your pulchritudo, cara Amaryllis, you're praeclara,
And you're apt to be a bride.
Yes—you're eminently nubile, and my mensa and my cubile
With you libens I'd divide.

No—no other fax (non ulla) has so toasted my medulla
With excruciating flame;
And I spero—even fido—that you'll mitigate libido
(Ego tibi'll do the same).

An uxorius maritus I shall serve you haud invitus:
I'll be fidelissimus,
And confirm the vincla sexus mingling passionate amplexus
Basiationibus.

In our villa suburbana we'll explore Love's last arcana
When we noctu conjugate:
Does it please? (placetne?) Ergo cease to be intacta virgo;
Be matrona—and my mate.

I. C. SAUL

Itero the old alt story, ἀγαπω te con amore,
You're a süss mélange of mel and ange, my sweet;
I verehre comme you pass יפה יפה you ambulas,
The very groundibus beneath your feet.

For you I φλεγω sae, I ardeo so très,
That the pains I feel are plus quam I can graf;[1]
My γλωττα bouche-que[2] too are siccus and kurú,[3]
Though no chota[4] williewaught of love I quaff.

Make my hoffnung not illusory, il me faut γυναικα ducere,
O schöne pige, qua ma weib be thou!
Aujourd'hui, I supplicate; mañana is too spät,
Be my sposa, maharanee, fac id now!

Do not say you'll be my sister, O mavourneen, ὦ καλιστα,
I need a conjux, wilt erwägen me
As ane qua in the boy line, mea molto aimée fräulein,
You can φιλειν banzai[5], as dein mari?

[1] count, German. [2] and, Latin. [3] dry, Hottentot. [4] Little, Hindustani. [5] Forever, Japanese.

PIBWOB

Amo! Amo! te adoro
Et ad mensam et in thoro!
Let no prudish fears alarm us,
Aphrodite's Cestus arm us,
Verbum "Amo" *conjugamus!*

Veni! veni! mihi Care,
Give thyself: Amor est dare
Amor nunquam est amare!
Giving, taking; tale, tale,
Equal loving, equal giving
In amoris vi æquale,
In amplectu conjugale
Thus in equal transport living
Through the night till morning come—
O dulce connubium!

YORICK

My sweet, when, in praesentia tui,
I try to speak ab imo pectore,
Your oculi, so bright and dewy
Inducunt mumblum interjectory.
Sic by your radiant charms bafflatus,
I fluff the mollia tempora fandi.
As locutor I'm scarcely natus;
As scriptor I'm perhaps more handy.

That's why I pen hoc doggerellum,
Albeit seized with fears in plenty
As I can't speak my hopes, I'll tell 'em
Calamo more or less currente.
Now for the plunge. O absit omen!
Meissima, mirabilis visu,
What say you ad mutandum nomen?
Da manum misero, if it please you.

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